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THE SPLENDID FLIGHT of the Graf Zeppelin across the Pacific, following the equally successful passage of the nearly 7,000 miles lying between Germany and Japan, brings a thrill even to us blasé moderns, jaded with a long succession of scientific wonders. The German airship averaged about sixty-six miles an hour from Friedrichshafen to Tokio and a little less than that on her 5,000 mile run from Japan to Los Angeles. In spite of unfavorable weather, the speed across the Pacific would have been better than that across Russia and Siberia had it not been for a delay of some five hours at Los Angeles waiting for dawn in order to make a landing. Even as it was, the Graf Zeppelin took less than a third of the time required by the fastest transpacific liners for the shorter course between Japan and Seattle. For a good many years travel in lighter-than-air machines has been rather eclipsed by the progress of the airplane, but the cruise of the Graf Zeppelin brings the airship back into the competition. Yet while mentally soaring among the clouds it is well actually to keep our feet on the ground. In the process of becoming air-minded we are likely otherwise to become muddle-headed; to forget that the airship is still fragile as china and unable to cope with the fiercer winds, while travel by airplane must become a great deal safer, cheaper, and more reliable before it will be accepted by the masses. It is wise to recall that airplanes and airships made their appearance about the same time as the gasoline automobile, yet have hardly outgrown the experimental stage in the quarter century during which the motor car has not only established itself but remolded the life of mankind in its image.

MR. HOOVER'S PUBLIC LAND policy, as set out in a long letter read to a conference of the governors of the public-land States at Salt Lake City on August 26, does not strike us favorably. Mr. Hoover proposes that the United States shall turn over to the States upwards of 190,000,000 acres of public lands that never belonged to them, and allow the States to manage the lands and ultimately sell them for the benefit of their school funds. The control of oil, coal, or other mineral deposits would be retained by the United States and the deposits worked on a royalty basis. The main reasons for Mr. Hoover's proposal appear to be that the transfer of the lands to the States would lessen the activities of federal bureaucracy, that the Reclamation Service would best be restricted to the development of water storage and supply, and that local conditions affecting the use or sale of the lands are best dealt with by the States themselves. As most of the land is fit only for grazing, Mr. Hoover does not anticipate that agriculture will be affected by an increased supply of arable land for at least twenty years, by which time new areas may be needed. What all this means in practice, of course, is that the federal public-land policy, built up over many years in the face of great opposition, would be knocked in the head, conservation would get a serious setback, and the land speculators would be left to deal only with individual States. We are all for magnifying States' rights when it is a question of distinct federal encroachment, but we have little confidence that the public lands, once they were handed over to the States, would be handled for genuine public benefit. Mr. Hoover's proposal should be critically examined by Congress before any steps are taken to give effect to it.

THE WAILING-WALL DISPUTE in Jerusalem is only the immediate cause of the ghastly riots which up to August 27 had cost more than a hundred lives in Palestine. Behind it lies the fundamental fact that the overwhelming majority of the population of Palestine is Arab, and that no considerable group of Arabs has ever accepted the theory that Palestine is to be the "Jewish National Home." Arab groups protested against it at the time of the Balfour declaration in 1917; they were still protesting when the Churchill memorandum reaffirmed and clarified the terms of that declaration in 1922; they refused, in 1922 and 1923, to cooperate in a British-supervised election which would have given them the right to elect eight members of a Legislative Council which would also have included two elected Jews and ten official, appointed members; they have consistently sent protesting delegations to the successive sessions of the Mandates Commission of the

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League of Nations. They declared a general strike when Lord Balfour, author of the British declaration which is the foundation-stone of the Jewish structure in Palestine, went to Jerusalem in 1925 to open the Hebrew University. There were anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem at Easter, 1920, and in and near Jaffa in May, 1921, in which 104 persons were killed and more than 400 injured. And while the Jewish population has increased—it was 10 per cent of the total at the time of the armistice, and may be 18 per cent today—these fanatical Arabs, with a bitter sense of dispossession, still constitute four-fifths of the country's population.

RELIGION, BY DEFINITION, lies beyond the borders of rationalism; and nationalism is a modern form of religion. With Arab nationalism allied with Moslem fanaticism, on one side, and Zionism, inspired by the millennial hopes of Jewry, on the other, more trouble was almost inevitable. There have been British officials in Palestine who have not helped matters; Arab nationalism has had at least occasional official encouragement. Some of the Zionist groups have not been overblessed with tact; and those who have organized what are called the Zionist-Revisionists have apparently preferred not to let time heal the wounds. Yet it remains true, as Horace M. Kallen pointed out in his "Frontiers of Hope," that

> To date . . . the only section of the population of Palestine to whom the Balfour Declaration has been an unmixed good is the Arab. The fellah has a greater market for his produce, more money, more things; on the whole, a better life. The town worker has more employment and rising standards. The effendi—the landlord, the "intellectual," the white-collar worker . . . —has benefited from his artificial nationalism, often manufactured by British officials, in the same way. A good many have been placed in government posts; others have made unexpected fortunes in real-estate deals.

"Their anti-Semitism will fade out," Mr. Kallen hopefully concluded, "once it ceases to be the thing among British administrative officials and high churchmen." That, it seems, was an over-optimistic judgment. But there can be no doubt whatever that the carefully regulated Jewish immigration has been a boon to the Arab population as well as to the Jews themselves; and it is a bitter tragedy that the ardent groups of lonely pioneers who have broken the hard soil of the uncultivated hillsides, these heroic bands which have done most for all Palestine, should today be those most exposed to the fury of religious passions which recall the bloody, senseless days of the Crusades.

CHINA AND RUSSIA have been sticking out their tongues at each other like a pair of peculiarly childish small boys, but on the whole the Russians have been the more silent and more dignified. The fountains of propaganda which Nanking has been throwing up do not wash away the fundamental fact that the Chinese, in violation of the treaty status of the Chinese Eastern Railway, seized control of the line and ousted its Russian officials. They assert that this is not necessarily permanent, but they have taken no steps to restore the railway to its legal status of joint Russo-Chinese ownership and operation. The documents which they claim to have discovered in the Russian consulate in Harbin are, in the first place, irrelevant—for even if the Russians had violated the no-propaganda clause of the treaty that would not have justified the Chinese in their unilateral assumption of control—and, in the second place, suspect. The United States Department of State has just published a report exposing the professional forgery of anti-Bolshevik documents in Berlin, among others the ridiculous papers supposed to show that the Russians had paid money to Senators Borah and Norris. Furthermore, previous "Russian documents" published by the Chinese have been proved to be White Russian fabrications; and they will have to submit their new crop of papers to expert examination before the world will take them at anything like face value. The energy devoted to preparing them might better be devoted to exploring the possible channels to peace. Meanwhile, the Russians, somewhat less loudly, have been complaining of White Russian forces organized on Chinese territory, and seem ready to use their presumed existence as justification for minor cavalry raids across the Manchurian frontier. That is an excuse which comes with poor grace from lips which have been proclaiming, apropos of the Chinese Eastern Railway, that one supposed wrong did not justify another.

IT IS HARD to make out exactly what has been going on behind the scenes at The Hague. During the three weeks after Philip Snowden first set forth the British demands for modifications of the Young Plan, negotiations went on continuously, and as we went to press it was reported that France, Italy, Belgium, and Japan had reached an agreement to make one more "final" offer, Mr. Snowden having rejected their latest one, which according to their calculation met 60 per cent of the British financial demands, while Mr. Snowden figured it at only 57 per cent. Practically all public discussion has centered on the division of reparations, but it seems unlikely that a settlement of such importance as this would be jeopardized for the sake of a few million dollars annually if nothing more were involved. Practically nothing has been printed by the American newspapers, at least, concerning the many important questions involved in the proposed Bank for International Settlement, and the principals in the negotiations have naturally given no publicity to the important political problems that lie in the background.

WE ARE SORRY that France has backed down even temporarily in its tariff controversy with the United States. The Fordney-McCumber tariff act, it will be remembered, provided that foreign goods might be denied admission to this country unless American Treasury agents were allowed to examine the books of the exporters in order to ascertain the costs of production. The indignant protests of French firms, backed by the French Government, against this arrogant policy resulted, after a somewhat heated correspondence, in an agreement in 1927 by which the Treasury agents were withdrawn, but the French exporters were then confronted with another provision of the tariff act which decreed that American instead of foreign valuations should be imposed if the foreigners' books were not opened. A Washington dispatch of August 15 announced that the dispute had been patched up. The Treasury agents, who will now be required to know French, are to be allowed to return, but will not nose about in business offices unless

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they are "invited." As even this concession on our part is to be canceled if the new tariff act continues the present prohibition (it is not in the bill as yet), there was no apparent necessity for France's action. We shall probably have a new tariff act before many weeks, and France, if it had had the nerve to hold out, might have won its contention and taught the tariff-makers a needed lesson.

BETWEEN HIS JOB as Vice-President of the United States and that of Ambassador to Great Britain, Charles G. Dawes found time, as our readers will remember, to make a flying visit to Santo Domingo, and while there he managed not only to sit down at the piano and play "Ramona" for music-loving Dominicans but also to draft a plan for the reorganization of the country's finances. It is true that the figures compiled by Mr. Dawes and his experts contained some pretty serious errors, as pointed out by Roy Veatch in *The Nation* of July 31, but quantity rather than quality is the rule among high-pressure executives, and some commoner mortals are usually available to clean up the messes left behind. So the errors of the Dawes commission's figures disturb us less than some of the suggestions in regard to policy, especially the recommendation to sell all the government-owned public utilities. The argument for this course was that the enterprises were losing money, but Mr. Veatch noted in his article that two of them, at least—the light and water system of the city of Santiago and the electric-light plant of Puerta Plata—were operating at a profit. Naturally, therefore, we were not surprised to see the announcement on August 22 that precisely these two enterprises had been acquired by our own Southern Cities Utilities Company. This is the course which opposition to public ownership invariably pursues: it takes away from the government all the money-making enterprises and leaves it the white elephants. This has the twofold advantage of piling up dividends for private ownership and at the same time maintaining for exhibition purposes some glaring examples of the inability of public ownership to operate at a profit.

AUGUSTO LEGUIA, the Peruvian President for life, has been confirmed in that position for the third time, with no opposing candidate. President Leguia and a few of his ministers labor under an uneasy fear of bolshevism, chiefly Russian—occasionally, they hint, Mexican. Perhaps to counteract the dread possibility that the descendants of the Incas might be roused by some stray eloquent student or poet to call a strike or so in the copper mines (owned by two large American companies) or to emulate the Mexican peasants, once almost as hopelessly sinned against as the Peruvians, President Leguia has offered citizenship and colonization expenses to immigrant White Russians, particularly those whose anti-Soviet credentials are irreproachable. Five thousand, it is reported, have accepted the Peruvian invitation, and two hundred have already arrived in Lima, led by General Pavlichenko, whose military record against the present Russian regime makes him highly desirable to the Peruvian administration. Until this novel garrison lays the dictator's fears, no doubt he will continue to jail, expel, or make disappear other students and poets who like Haya de la Torre or Magda Portal take his name in vain too loudly. The only "revolutionary" allowed to remain in his native land at present is José Carlos Mariátegui, a hopeless cripple. President Leguia has many admirers, especially outside of Peru, though perhaps none so enthusiastic as the American ambassador, Alexander P. Moore, who declares that Leguia "is a greater man than Mussolini. Hardly five feet high, he possesses the energy of Caesar, the skill of Napoleon, and the diplomacy of Richelieu."

THE TRIAL of sixteen Gastonia strikers charged with murder in connection with the killing of Chief of Police Aderholt on June 7 opened in Charlotte, North Carolina, on August 26. The change of venue and the lapse of an additional month, during which passion has had time to cool further, lead to greater hopes than could be entertained at first for a fair trial; and the admirably judicial conduct of Judge Barnhill in the preliminary proceedings gives assurance that so far as lies in his power this will be a trial for murder, not for Communism, which is as it should be. We are also glad to note that the International Labor Defense, which is conducting the case for the strikers, has retained Arthur Garfield Hays of New York as "consultant counsel." On reaching Charlotte Mr. Hays said:

> Those really believing in American institutions should be particularly solicitous that those whose doctrines they hate have a fair trial before the law. That this is the intention of North Carolina in this case is abundantly clear in view of the impartial jurist who will sit upon the bench and who has already indicated his insistence that the case be free from extraneous issues.

At the very best it is extremely difficult in a case of this character, with a technical charge of conspiracy resulting in murder, to avoid laying great stress on the political views of the defendants. We are glad that the presiding judge is awake to the dangers of the situation; for American justice as well as the defendants are on trial.

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THIS ANNOUNCEMENT appeared in the advertising columns of the *New Yorker*—paid for, no doubt—but we reproduce it free in *The Nation* as we feel that a chance at this cosy cottage in cloudland should not be confined to the readers of any one periodical. First come, first served, we say, in housing, with no special favors for the "exclusive few." We wish, though, that before spreading the tidings we had thought to ask the agents one question: Is the rental of $45,000 by the day or by the hour?

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Smash It!

THE publication of the tariff rates finally agreed on by the perspiring majority of the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Finance leads us once more to set forth briefly our fundamental grounds of objection to the measure now under consideration.

First, under existing conditions, the principle of protection is economically unsound, politically disastrous, and morally indefensible. Second, even if we admit protection to be defensible in economic theory, no one can maintain that the present hodge-podge of unrelated special rates constitutes a system consistent with any such theory. Third, abandoning all rational theory and agreeing that the tariff shall be simply a system of plundering all the people for the benefit of part of them—which is about all that present American tariff "ideas" really come down to—the present bill is not what it pretends to be and what the President asked for, namely, an instrument that equalizes conditions between manufacturers, on the one hand, and farmers on the other. The Smoot bill, like the Hawley bill, is vicious in its theory, so far as it has any theory; indefensible, not to say absurd, in its proposed operation; and thoroughly dishonest in its execution.

The world's great need today is the chance to work and trade; the Economic Conference of the League of Nations in 1927 categorically declared: "The time has come to move in the direction of lower tariffs." Tariff students point out that the proposed American action is likely to make European reductions immensely more difficult, not to say impossible. The exaggerated and aggravated protectionism embodied in the Hawley and Smoot bills is strengthening every nationalistic, imperialistic, and divisive force in the world today. It is evoking ill-feeling and threats of retaliation. It is helping on powerfully the evil cause of British imperial protection and preference, whose development would be one of the greatest disasters that could befall the world. It is causing more and more talk about a United States of Europe, which is conceived not as a means of uniting Europe, but as an agency for fighting America.

If there were any national interest to be attained at the cost of such world loss, a narrow nationalist might conceivably prefer the national to the international interest; but there is not. The United States has become a great exporter of manufactured goods and the world's leading creditor nation. Its people in general, as contrasted with special groups of them, cannot possibly gain by hampering trade—which is frankly what our tariff makers are trying to do—and even intended beneficiaries are often indifferent. Despite Senator Smoot's manful efforts to rally the automobile manufacturers, for example, to his standard, and their dutifully parrot-like response that of course "Polly wants a cracker," it is plain that what they really want is foreign markets, not picayune protection against the possible importation of a handful of foreign cars. The same thing is true of iron and steel, machinery, petroleum products, and dozens of other manufactures whose exports have come to constitute more than two-fifths of our total export trade. The infant-industry theory, which represents the only defense of protection that ever claimed any respectable economic support, has no more application to the United States today than it has to the moon. The Hawley-Smoot measure, a grab-bag of politically powerful special interests and nothing else, does not seriously pretend to embody any respectable theory or to represent any comprehensible general interest. Take labor and employment, for example. An investigation by the Labor Bureau, published in the August issue of *Facts for Workers,* shows that only a little over 2 per cent of the organized workers could possibly benefit from increases in duties. Vague talk of prosperity and solicitude for labor are all bosh; they are simply blinds under cover of which the men who footed the bills march up to the pie counter under the leadership of Mr. Grundy.

But that is not all. Mr. Hoover, whose spinelessness in tariff matters seems to be matched only by his ignorance, in order to carry out a preelection pledge wrung from him in the stress of the campaign, reluctantly summoned Congress for the express purpose of a limited revision, designed only to help the farmer and nobody else. The idea of really helping the farmer by a tariff on farm products in a country whose farmers are habitually enormous exporters is silly, but common decency would have required Mr. Hoover's present party to go through the motions.

And then what? Did the House give us an honest general revision? It did not. Has the Republican majority of the Senate committee done any better? It has not. Mr. Hoover, instead of sticking to his agricultural defenses, as any honest man ought to have done, decamped, and with an intellectual feebleness reminiscent of some of his most recent predecessors suggested that revision be limited to industries that have shown weakness, as manifested by extensive unemployment and other signs of ill-health. Did Hawley, Smoot and Co. follow out this feeble "principle"? They did not. They invited all the beggars to come to town, and the most plausible beggar with the biggest bank roll available for campaign purposes got the most, provided some other beggar did not trip him up. Logs, lumber, shingles, hides, leather, shoes, wool and wool rags, pig iron, steel beams, manganese, aluminum utensils, sugar, gypsum, and so on and on through hundreds of items; then the fraud of United States valuation; but nowhere any evidence of consistent, comprehensible theory, or even of any attempt to carry out the feeble recommendations of a President who had made to the country certain definite pledges of what was and was not to be expected.

The rates of the Hawley bill have been riddled by criticism, and the Smoot rates will suffer the same fate. Nobody pretends, for anything except public consumption, that the measure which is scheduled to go to the Senate on September 4 represents either an honest attempt to help the farmer or an honest attempt to make a general revision of the tariff so as to bring it more nearly into accord with the economic needs of the country today. Senator Borah has come out flatly for its defeat. It is so stupid, so vicious, so dishonest that it can be beaten. Smash it!

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Sanity and Sex

IT has been often pointed out that the taboos of sex are the last to crumble before the shouts of liberalism. Many men and women who in the fields of politics and religion are fearless exponents of the most advanced thought are reactionaries, sometimes even in theory, whenever sex raises its provocative head. Thus all too often we have the incongruous spectacle of liberal magazines and newspapers advocating or condoning censorship when that censorship involves any sex matter, at such times forgetting their often-paraded and sacred obligation as liberals to defend to the death a man's right to say anything he pleases, or, rather, print anything he pleases. And this recalls another peculiarly American aspect of censorship illustrated just at present by the silly spectacle of a serious novel, such as D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," legally banned, and relegated, without even an attempt to print it openly, to the expensive "suppressed" shelf in every bookstore, because it contains words which are familiar to every adult but which throw him into a panic when he sees them in print.

This phenomenon—of men and women who are liberal in their attitude toward everything except sex—is inevitable in a civilization whose dominant religion has had for one of its main tenets the doctrine that sex is evil, though occasionally, for populative purposes, a necessary evil. And sex is so terribly bound up with the emotions that even if one no longer has an intellectual panic when it is mentioned, one may still be, for all practical purposes, the victim of this hoary old taboo.

All this is prelude to a warm welcome to the World League for Sexual Reform—which takes care to put up the sign that is so far the only effective defense against obscenity hounds, "on a scientific basis." The aims of the league, which will hold its third international congress in London this September, are expressed in the following resolution which was passed at the last session:

> The second International Congress for Sexual Reform on a Scientific Basis appeals to the legislatures, the press, and the peoples of all countries to help to create a new legal and social attitude (based on the knowledge which has been acquired from scientific research in sexual biology, psychology, and sociology) toward the sexual life of men and women.

The World League for Sexual Reform has as its presidents August Forel, Havelock Ellis, and Magnus Hirschfeld, and its International Committee includes the names of the foremost advocates throughout the civilized world of intelligence in sex—Dora Russell, Margaret Sanger, Dr. Helene Stöcker, Dr. Norman Haire, and many others. The program of the league is worth quoting in full:

1. Political, economic, and sexual equality of men and women.
2. The liberation of marriage (and especially divorce) from the present church and state tyranny.
3. Control of conception, so that procreation may be undertaken only deliberately and with a due sense of responsibility.
4. Race betterment by the application of the knowledge of eugenics.
5. Protection of the unmarried mother and the illegitimate child.
6. A rational attitude toward sexually abnormal persons, and especially toward homosexuals, both male and female.
7. Prevention of prostitution and venereal disease.
8. Disturbances of the sexual impulse to be regarded as more or less pathological phenomena, and not, as in the past, as crimes, vices, or sins.
9. Only those sexual acts to be considered criminal which infringe the sexual rights of another person. Sexual acts between responsible adults, undertaken by mutual consent, to be regarded as the private concern of those adults.
10. Systematic sexual education.

The league emphasizes the fact that it will not confine itself merely to the study of sexual problems. Its primary object is to attain practical reforms—and to do this by appeal not to the emotions but to the intellect. The league's aims are to be accomplished through publishing, or encouraging the publication of, both technical and popular scientific works which aim at sexual reform on a scientific basis; the production of an international journal of sexual reform; the holding of congresses; propaganda by lectures; collection of laws and statistics relating to sex in all countries; the giving of information to the legislatures of all countries and drafting of statutes and general assistance in sexual legislation. Membership is open to all persons who are working for sexual reform on a scientific, that is, decent, basis.

If mathematics had been surrounded with as much mystery as sex has been, it would probably be the object of the same disproportionate amount of curiosity. Let us hope that the World League for Sexual Reform will make sex as clear as Euclid.

First Steps in Farm Aid

WE have never been enamored of the proposal to grant government subsidies to agriculture, and we confess to some uneasiness when big business sets out to take agriculture under its wing. At the present moment both big business and the government are undertaking to make the American farmer prosperous. Since the first meeting of the Federal Farm Board, on July 15, the Florida Citrus Fruit Growers have been granted by the board a loan of $300,000 to enable them to combat the fruit fly, the raisin producers of California have been assured of help to the amount of $4,500,000, a tentative advance of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 has been authorized to aid the cotton cooperative associations in the South, and a loan to the wool growers hovers in the offing. The National Cooperative Council, with an initial membership of one million farmers, has been formed under the inspiration of the board, and the Farmers' National Grain Cooperative, with a capital of $20,000,000, has been launched.

The board is not the only factor in the great uplift, however. The banks appear to have gone ahead with their proposals for financing the cotton crop pretty much as if the Federal Farm Board had not been created. The New York *Times* stated on August 4 that "it is estimated by bankers that between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 of Wall Street credit, altogether, will be involved in the fall movement."

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The Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Omaha, it was announced on August 9, was preparing to advance $350,000 to the Cooperative Wool Growers of South Dakota to enable them to pool and sell their wool, and about $1,000,000 to the Wyoming Wool Cooperative Marketing Association for the same purpose. All these, it appears, are regular financial operations. The latest novelty is the United Growers of America, a $50,000,000 Delaware corporation organized under the federal marketing acts without consultation with the Federal Farm Board, and intended to serve the interests of fruit and vegetable producers and handlers in sixty subsidiary cooperatives in twenty-five States.

It is at least to be said for the Federal Farm Board that it appears to have made a good beginning. It has indulged in no hysterics over the farm situation, and it apparently does not propose that its funds should be raided for spoils. Its policy, as far as can be gathered from official pronouncements, appears to be to draw into cooperative organizations the large number of producers and distributors of farm products who still remain outside, and compel the organizations, which are numbered by the hundred, to pull together under the direction of the board. Moreover, the board seems disposed to withhold financial aid if such aid can be had elsewhere. The wheat cooperatives of the Northwest were told on August 23 that they could expect no credit from the board. As far as the export of wheat was concerned it seemed to the board that the worst was over; and it pointed out not only that ample storage for wheat was available, but also that the intermediate credit banks stood ready to make advances up to 65 per cent of the value of the grain. The cotton growers, on the other hand, who are already able to borrow from the intermediate credit banks 65 per cent of the value of their crops, may now raise their borrowings to 90 per cent with the aid of the advance granted by the board. Is this because the cotton growers are better organized than their brethren of the wheat section and hence more fit to be intrusted with a loan, or because there is some difference in the character or supply or handling of the two products?

The United Growers of America, of which Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is the head, proposes to offer to the farmers, wholly independent of the government, "a complete organization program comparable with big business." The federal laws will look out for monopoly, so "there need be no fear of a so-called food trust." Once the corporation gets to work, the farmer may take his choice between private and government aid; he may even, it would seem, make no choice at all but take both. There is no doubt that cooperative marketing can be a good deal improved, and Mr. Barnes's corporation can doubtless find many opportunities for injecting business principles into the handling of fruits and vegetables. Both public and private finance, however, have still to face the fundamental problem of overproduction. Meantime the consumer of foodstuffs and other farm products will watch with some anxiety the effect of government subsidies on the one hand and corporate business methods on the other upon the price of what he is to eat, wear, or use. The Federal Farm Board has repudiated the idea of raising prices. But will the farmers be satisfied if prices do not rise, and will the gains of the United Growers of America be derived solely from saving waste?

New Saws for Old

IN this age of rapid obsolescence and merciless scrapping in the industrial world it is remarkable that our literary factories are still equipped with the most outmoded tools and their operatives content with machinery some of which goes back to the Stone Age. The pressure upon modern writers is intense. No kind of worker is expected to show more speed and pep. The old-time novelist was allowed six pages in which to describe the weather on the day when his story opened and the first two chapters in which to introduce his characters. The essayist of other days was considered precipitate if he indicated the subject of his discourse before he was a third of the way into it. Nowadays the fiction writer who fails to get either a bedroom scene or a murder into the opening chapter is out of the running, and unless an editor discovers at least two wisecracks in the first paragraph of an essay, he tosses it scornfully into the waste-basket. And yet writers are obliged to work with a vocabulary which has probably lost as many words as it has gained since Elizabeth, and with a grammar no better adapted to speed-up methods than it was under Victoria. Such vocabulary as we have added is mostly in the direction of technology and ephemeral slang, therefore of limited use; we have developed a large field of wisecrackery, but little of it has sufficient universality to be worth stealing, and unless one author can steal from another he is lost. In the matter of metaphors, similes, adages, and allusions—the edged tools of the literary operative—we are still back in the agricultural, not to say the pastoral age.

For example, we started to say something the other day about putting the cart before the horse, but suddenly thought better of it. What rot to talk of horses and carts when both are headed toward the scrap pile! How much more intelligible to introduce a phrase about putting the rumble seat before the radiator! And then there is that good old standby about beating swords into plowshares. Who in this cockeyed world any longer uses either one or the other? If we writers were modern we would beat explosive shells . . . On second thought it might be better *not* to beat explosive shells. Rather let us *convert* shells into, say, utility shares.

Then there is that old saw about being on one's last legs. What of it? Who cares whether one is on his last, his first, his fore, his hind, or any legs at all? We might say something to the reader, though, if we remarked that a man was on his last gallon of gas. Also we are tired of that wheeze "a sop to Cerberus." It would be more effective to talk about greasing the cop on the corner.

"Strike while the iron is hot" is a famous old axiom, but it has mighty little to do with the lives of most of us today. "Strike while the boss has a bunch of unfilled orders" would mean a lot more to the worker in the machine age in which we exist. And as a final example we want to point out what a dull old tool is the saying, "Make hay while the sun shines." That was all well enough before the farmer had become a problem; but we hate to be reminded of our problems. As a snappier and more up-to-the-minute substitute we would suggest, "Make rye while the moon shines."

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE seems to be a current belief that the world may find an airway to salvation. Orators urge us to become plane-conscious. Fervent appeals are made to the women of the land to take up flying. People who refuse to avail themselves of the new means of transportation are looked upon as not only craven but in some way seditious. Possibly I am merely echoing the old prejudice which went down fighting under the wheels of the locomotives, but I think that aviation must still prove itself a boon to man. At the moment the score stands against the new invention. There is blood upon the fuselage.

At present the airplane's chief importance is that of a new engine of war. It was the plane which carried death and destruction behind the lines to the non-combatant. This, to be sure, may prove a factor in the establishment of peace. Possibly nations will kindle less quickly under the realization that neutral zones have been abolished and that another conflict would find even the most secluded hamlet a city of the front. But it seems to me that time must wipe out the memory of the young dead in shattered cities before we all begin to worship the flying machine as a beneficent thing. And there must be considered, too, the toll of those swallowed up in the sea and broken in lonely forests. These men and women have given their lives that the airplane might survive and flourish. What price aviation? No one can fairly answer that question unless he is able to foretell the kind of world in which he will be living fifty years hence.

If the plane is to exist chiefly as a device for making war more widespread and terrible then I say it were better if the Wrights had never risen on that first hop at Kitty-hawk. Such barriers to conflict as the wide oceans have now been obliterated by the potential radius of the bomber. And if an American vaults the broad expanse from here to Rome or Paris his journey cannot be set down as a good-will flight without certain reservations. Each new exploit sets the men in the war colleges to preparing fresh figures and shaping plans to meet the practicality of world-wide war.

It would be silly to deny that the airplane may serve to enrich life and living. It can wipe out boundaries and mountain chains for warlike purposes, but this same conquest of the wide spaces could serve to emphasize a feeling of international solidarity. The vision of a united world is no longer fantastic. Even within our time it may be possible to span the globe between sunrise and sunset. In another century there will remain no such thing as an isolated people. But I think that it is very essential that political thought should keep pace with development in flying. As yet it lags. There are cornfed statesmen who still speak as if Europe were a remote continent and no concern of ours in spite of the flying visits of the Byrds and Chamberlains and Lindberghs. When next some gentleman from Kansas speaks of Washington's farewell address and his counsel against entangling alliances I think it might be well for some one in the audience to remind the orator that our great founder could not possibly have known of the Zeppelin and the airplane and the new conception of geography which they make imperative.

Until good-will and a disposition to cooperate become a little keener I would be content to see aviation mark time and wait for the statesmen to catch up with new developments. It is inevitable that flying should go on to new triumphs and new glories, but for the life of me I cannot see the need of haste. Just what is served by new risks and new fatalities in transatlantic ventures I do not comprehend. Each missing plane seems to me a sacrifice in vain. As yet developments in flying are a shade one-sided. Speed is being increased with great rapidity. We know that machines may be built to travel more than three hundred miles an hour. Somewhat less attention has been paid to stability. The news columns chronicle all too often the death of veteran pilots who have crashed for reasons unexplained. A little less haste and more safety would be welcomed.

To me the most interesting experiments are those conducted on the gyroscopic principle. In time we must have a machine which does not need a broad expanse of level ground to make a landing. I have no doubt that the day will come when every roof may serve as an airport. Fast and easy communication can possibly do away with the overcrowding in our cities. To the American of a hundred years hence the Adirondacks may serve the same function as Central Park. There will be in reality neither North nor South when planes are fast enough.

Yet the conception of a United States about the size of Manhattan Island for transportation purposes does not in every way suffice to meet utopian dreams. There is, for instance, the not unimportant detail of racket. Already certain sylvan retreats have become almost as full of din as metropolitan areas. Along the once quiet shores of Long Island Sound the motors roar by day and night. There should be no great difficulty in muffling the bickering of the engines, but a nice problem presents itself to those mechanical geniuses who must find some way to still the whirr of the propellers. Privacy, already gravely wounded by the telephone, may yet receive its death blow at the hands of the ubiquitous airplane. I shudder still at the memory of a plane which circled New York City and spread a vastly amplified voice exhorting all and sundry to use the cigarette which contains not a cough in any carload. Fortunately the promoters of this advertising scheme were quick to see that there was too much nuisance risk in the campaign.

Moreover, a land which is already sick with standardization may not precisely benefit by having its expanses still more radically minified. If our distances become those of a village street it is not inconceivable that our thinking may be of the same temper. The automobile has destroyed the eye for scenery possessed by the old-time walker. The limousine has done little to develop nature lovers. And from a plane one sees even less than is visible from a fast motor car. States are rolled out under the aviator like colored patches on a map. When the plane comes into its own it may be that the poet must take to a parachute. I am not eager to see America become air-conscious immediately. There are still too many things on the ground which need attention.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Rum Running on the Detroit River

By MORROW MAYO

I

THE Government, we learn officially, is now making its "greatest drive" to prevent liquor from being smuggled from Windsor, Ontario, into Detroit, Michigan. The two cities face each other across the Detroit River. This stream, which is owned jointly by the United States and Canada, is eighteen miles long and a mile wide. It is one of the busiest pieces of water in the world; at this time of the year an average of 1,500 craft operate in it every hour of the day. Liquor has been crossing in every conceivable manner. Until recently about 4,000 cases were landed on the United States side every twenty-four hours. Bear in mind, first, that importation of liquor from Canada to the United States is prohibited by the United States; and, second, that exportation of liquor from Canada to the United States is permitted by Canada.

It will assist the reader if I describe briefly one rum-running system. The racketeers order from a Windsor distillery 400 cases of liquor for delivery into rum-running boats at a Windsor export dock. The liquor is delivered in wooden cases. Each case contains two handy packages of six quarts each, packed between heavy cardboard in square burlap bags. Each bag weighs about eighteen pounds, has a couple of "ears," and is easy to carry. The runners uncrate it, burn the boxes, and load the bags of liquor into their boats. From the United States side of the river it is a common sight to see bonfires of liquor cases burning on the Canadian beach.

When the rum-running boats are loaded and ready to go, they are formally cleared by Canadian customs officials. The documents give the names of the distillery, transporter, consignee, boats, port of debarkation, port of destination, exact cargo, and time of departure. Copies are mailed to the customs office at port of destination. Having cleared from Windsor, the boats run out into the river, remaining on the Canadian side until they get an opportunity to make the dash to the United States shore. Part of this shore is occupied by private boat-wells, one after another, built on private property. Along the river's edge there are whole blocks of houses, built close together, boarded between, and surrounded by high fences. The view from both the river and the land is completely obstructed. Doors that extend beneath the surface of the water lift up and descend to emit and admit the rum-running boats. Search warrants are required to enter these private houses. They have private automobile entrances and garages. Innumerable streets lead down to the river's edge. The boats usually shoot across at night. Running in pitch darkness without lights, it takes a rum-running boat from one to three minutes to make the half-mile dash from Canadian waters to the United States shore.

Directed and guarded by speed boats operated by gangsters armed with machine-guns, a cargo is run across. A large force of workers is waiting to unload it quickly. The liquor may be stored, or it may be loaded at once into automobiles (a Ford sedan carries thirty cases) which depart immediately, each perhaps for a different destination—Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, or Chicago. The whole operation, from the time the liquor boats leave Canadian waters until the automobiles are on their way, requires considerably less than ten minutes. The work is efficient; the technique is finished. I could follow the process on through the cutting plants to the bootlegger and the ultimate consumer, but that part of it is not germane to this article. The hazards are great; huge profits demand a quick turnover. When business is good, however, there is enough for all.

II

Engaged in the present "greatest drive" to suppress this smuggling, the United States Government has in the Detroit area 100 prohibition agents, twenty-five special prohibition agents, fifty regular customs officers, twenty special customs agents, 200 customs border patrolmen, 100 immigration officers, fifty coast guardsmen—and fourteen small boats. Of these seven government agencies, the personnel of three wear civilian clothes, the others wear four different kinds of uniforms. The average salary of these men is $43.54 a week. Each force has certain restricted duties and varying limited authority. Each is governed by its own regulations. Each is responsible to a different active boss. There is a coordinator in the area. He is a customs man and is practically unknown to the other agencies. There is very little coordination, and less cooperation. On the contrary, there is jealousy and open hostility. Each force is trying to make the best showing. The two prohibition forces do not pull together or get along with the customs men. The three customs forces do not work together, or with the prohibition men. The Coast Guard and immigration forces work independently, and "high hat" the other five. Andrew Mellon is the official head of all seven agencies.

The Coast Guard has two seventy-five-foot patrol boats and four speed boats. On July 27 these boats received orders to remove their machine-guns and rifles. The patrol boats are now armed with one-pounders; the speed boats carry no guns. The coast guardsmen carry pistols. I do not know the speed of all these boats. The skipper of the patrol boat I was on told me it had a speed of thirteen knots, and his speed boat a speed of twelve knots. The 200 customs border patrolmen have eight speed boats. Since these men work in three eight-hour shifts, there are about sixty-five of them on duty at one time. Sixteen are in their boats on the river, among the other 1,500 craft. They carry pistols, their riot guns and rifles having been taken away from them recently. Their boats are not armed. The other forty-nine men patrol such portions of the United States shore as are accessible to them without invading private property.

There has been much shooting on the river, and there have been a number of deaths. Patrolmen have disappeared and rum runners have drowned. Both Canadian and United States owners of pleasure craft have protested against the shooting, and against the running of boats on the river without lights. Private craft are halted and boarded every day

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by patrolmen over the vigorous protests of owners. Coming alongside trim yachts, the patrol boats scrape their paint, bend their stanchions, and frighten and discommode guests. As a result there are damage suits and criticism against the Government. The Government is seriously handicapped here by public opinion; for the people of Detroit are opposed to prohibition. The four English-language newspapers and all the foreign-language newspapers are wet. The Detroit *Saturday Night,* mouthpiece of the financial interests, is wet. The Governor of Michigan is wet. The papers carry columns of stuff every day ridiculing, attacking, and opposing enforcement efforts.

United States authorities are not permitted to chase rum boats in Canadian waters. Theoretically, a rum runner could run up and down the Detroit River a few feet from a United States patrol boat, and be immune from arrest. That is exactly what the boats often do, shooting at each other, the rum runners aware that they may get shot but cannot be arrested, the patrolmen aware that they may get shot but cannot make an arrest. The situation amounts to a river war, with engagements of one kind or another every day. Here is the first paragraph of a story from the front page of the Detroit *News* of August 9:

> Rum runners and coast guardsmen fought a pitched battle on the Detroit River off Ecourse shore early today, racing along the middle of the river less than 100 feet apart and exchanging rifle and pistol shots. No one was injured, although two of the Coast Guard agents narrowly escaped. The runners escaped to Canada with their cargo.

III

The United States has asked Canada to refuse clearance to liquor-laden boats destined for the United States. Thus far Canada has flatly refused. In an interview at Ottawa on July 17, Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of National Revenue, stated that Canada could not refuse clearance except by Act of Parliament, and that he felt that the sense of the House of last session was not favorable to such a course.

What are the official positions of the two countries on this touchy subject? Here is the basis of the argument of the United States, put in plain words: Canada is aiding and abetting the smuggling of contraband into the United States. The exportation of liquor to this country against this country's wishes is not a neighborly act. When prohibition was young the Canadian distilleries did not have export docks on the river. Racketeers bought liquor at the distilleries and ran it through Canada to the water's edge. They were violating Canadian law, and many were arrested and prosecuted. Canadian distilleries now aid the racketeers by delivering the liquor to them at the river. These rum-running boats do not constitute respectable transportation lines. A respectable transportation line transports only legitimate merchandise from the designated ports of one country to the designated ports of another. Canada knows when it clears these boats that they are carrying contraband to be smuggled into the United States.

And here is the Canadian reply: Canada is preventing gunmen from handling liquor illegally in Canada. The rum-running boats are legitimate carriers in Canadian waters. Canada cannot assume to govern their conduct in foreign waters. The boats are respectable carriers so far as Canada is concerned. Ninety-nine per cent of the rum runners are United States citizens. They would no more hesitate to break Canadian laws than they do United States laws. If Canada refused to export liquor to the United States, the former country would be flooded with law-breakers, and the burden of enforcing United States prohibition on the United States border would devolve largely on Canada. All motor boats must clear officially when they leave Canada. On the other hand, boats of less than five tons displacement are not required to clear from the United States. By permitting these small boats to come and go at will, the United States is actually encouraging rum running. It permits these small rum-running boats to leave the United States side, but asks Canada to refuse to permit them to return. If the United States will make these small boats clear, it will go a long way toward solving the liquor-smuggling problem. Here is a dispatch from Ottawa, dated July 31:

> The Canadian Government still stands ready to consider the barring of liquor exports to the United States if the United States Government will cooperate by regulating their own boats engaged in the rum traffic by requiring them to secure clearances from that country as they do from Canada.

IV

The Province of Ontario favors granting the demand of the United States. The less liquor exported to the United States from the Windsor docks, the more sold at retail in Windsor. Ontario last year made $9,000,000 on retail liquor sales. Every month thousands of United States citizens, fed up on bootleg gin, find it convenient to go to Detroit to get their new automobiles. They can turn in their old cars to their local dealers in Atlanta or Los Angeles, go to Detroit by train and pick up their new cars, and save money. The saving in freight on a $1,500 car to the Pacific Coast is $240, almost the price of three railroad tickets. Ontario reasons logically that if Canada refuses to export liquor to the United States, more United States citizens will come to Windsor to drink it.

Politics of course is as weighty in Canada as it is in the United States. The Canadian liquor interests make large political contributions, and the influence of money is just as great in Canada as it is in the United States. Canada levies a tax of $9 a gallon on all liquors. This tax is refunded upon presentation of customs receipts from the country to which the liquor is exported. The tax is never refunded on exports to the United States, since the rum runners do not get receipts from United States customs officers. Exportation of liquor to the United States last year netted the Canadian Government $30,000,000. This, of course, did not include the huge profits reaped by the Canadian commercial liquor interests. The liquor industry is one of Canada's largest, and its exportation constitutes one of Canada's main sources of revenue.

I have wondered what would happen if this situation existed along the Rhine River, between Germany and France. I have asked many Canadians what Canada would do if the situation were reversed. Some say Canada would do nothing; others that Canada would prevent such brazen smuggling into Canada if it had to call upon the British navy to do it. "The dignity of Canada would demand

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it," one Canadian told me; "if Canada were in the same position as the United States you would see half a dozen British cruisers anchored in the lakes and river, a blockade of destroyers, submarines, airplanes, and small craft, and possibly nets protecting the Canadian shore. There would be no question about it. Canada would stop it."

Both wet and dry propagandists are working overtime in Canada. Here is one paragraph from a dry editorial in the Toronto *Globe* of July 28:

> The situation simply boils down to this: The Canadian Government is operating in collusion with outlaw American citizens to break United States laws. It is a blunt way of putting it; but is it not the fact?

Dry extremists in both countries have demanded that the United States inform Canada that its policy is an "unfriendly act" toward the United States. For more than a hundred years the two countries have faced each other, without fortifications or show of armed forces, living as neighbors in peace and harmony, but this condition can no longer be said to exist. Hundreds of diplomatic notes have been exchanged, and scores of conferences, public and secret, have been held. Extremists believe that if the situation is not cleared up in some way, it will inevitably lead to war.

The Coast Guard, particularly, feels that it is being embarrassed and degraded by prohibition work. This service has a proud tradition. It was created in 1790 by an Act of Congress signed by George Washington. The Coast Guard officers here, as well as elsewhere, feel that the Government should do either one thing or the other: either release it from its odious task, or give it sufficient equipment and personnel to prevent liquor smuggling. In a recent issue, the magazine *Coast Guard,* official journal of the service, commented as follows upon the testimony of Admiral F. C. Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard, before the House sub-committee on Treasury Appropriations: "The Commandant expressed belief that, given sufficient equipment, the Coast Guard could entirely plug up the holes through which foreign liquors come into the United States over the coast lines."

V

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that the United States has never made a sincere, determined effort to stop liquor smuggling from Canada, and is not making one now. To put it most charitably, its effort has been half-hearted. If anyone doubts this, let him ask himself the question: What would the United States do if the commodity being so openly and notoriously smuggled into the country were an article upon which there is a high tariff?

The little spot at Detroit, at this moment, is fairly tight. Probably not more than two or three thousand cases are crossing a week. I have made the Government's "greatest drive" look its best by including only the Detroit River in the Detroit area. On one side of it is Lake Erie and on the other side Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River, Lake Huron, and so on through all the Great Lakes district. The St. Clair River, which is only 300 yards wide at places, is logically a part of the Detroit area; its farthest point, Port Huron, is only a two-hour drive from Detroit. While the Government is concentrating on this tiny spot—the Detroit River—the rum runners are running wild on the St. Clair River, twenty miles away, where the coast is practically unguarded. What ostrich-like folly!

A comparison would be an effort to prevent liquor from crossing Broadway by blockading the street between Madison Square and Times Square, and leaving it unguarded between Madison Square and the Battery, and from Times Square to Albany.

It is also silly for the press to make Messrs. Lowman and Doran "the goats." Criticism of those two figure-heads is superficial criticism. With all the pressure that is being put upon the Administration by drys, is it possible to believe that Secretary Mellon and President Hoover are not acutely aware of the exact situation?

And Now the Fruit Fly

By HENRY S. VILLARD

ONE might have thought that the string of calamities which has been Florida's lot since the Great Gold Trek of '25 would by now constitute expiation in plenty for her orgy of frenzied finance. But—to mix one's metaphors—at the slightest indication that Babylon may be rebuilt, Nemesis gets on the job.

Last winter, it seems to be agreed, was the most successful for the tourist industry since the collapse of the boom. In Miami, the crowds and the cars that swarmed on Flagler Street were reminiscent of the summer of '25. For the first time since those days of get-rich-quick, the stores, the restaurants, and the hotels made money. Proprietors shut up shop and went north in June for their first vacation in four years. Miami Beach is afraid to say it aloud for fear of starting another boom, but real-estate transactions actually provided a fat living for more than one office force. Building permits ran into the millions, and the dozens of houses now under construction give substantial proof that Florida is already the permanent winter home of as many Americans as can possibly afford to make it so. Until the last few months, in short, the Florida picture was tinted with all kinds of pleasing roseate hues. And now—another chapter in chastisement: the Mediterranean fruit fly.

Just how this detestable little insect, toward which Floridians are at present concentrating all their surplus animosity, got into the State, has as many explanations as there used to be reasons for buying lots in Coral Gables. Some maintain that it was blown over from foreign shores in the last hurricane; others that it was a stowaway in a sack of Bacardi rum, the supply of which from certain neighboring isles has never failed to keep pace with the lively demand. Still others have a different theory. "Why," scoffed an old "cracker," "we've *always* had the fruit fly in Florida. Only somebody up North has jest discovered it." This last analysis appears to be based on a strange philosophy of governmental interference, pork-barrel appropriations, insidious California propaganda, the oil trust (which manufactures germicides), and the fundamental complaint that someone is always taking the joy out of Florida anyway.

But whatever its source, the fruit fly has added another episode to Florida's lessons in discipline. Statisticians declare that nearly three-fourths of all the bearing citrus

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trees in the State are more or less involved in the infestation. According to Department of Agriculture figures, the capital investment threatened by the fly is close to $300,000,000. Furthermore, the danger of the infestation's spreading to other sections of the country, as well as the likelihood of damage to various industries dependent on the Florida citrus crop, presents possibilities of uncalculated harm. In the case of Florida itself, a successful season for the State is invariably contingent upon a goodly percentage of its fruit crop being released for movement north.

Despite the assertion of more than one farmer that he has yet to see a bona fide fruit fly, the state and federal authorities are not minimizing the gravity of the situation as it appears to them. Ample funds have been forthcoming by congressional decree, and the National Guard has been called to the front-line defenses. Armed to the teeth with flit guns, the boys in khaki are stationed at strategic points in the battle sector, intercepting all vehicles and subjecting the owners, their baggage, and the vehicles themselves to a withering fire of disinfectants. Just what the penalty is for bootlegging an orange or a grapefruit in the bottom of a suitcase was not disclosed to us, though we were stopped no less than four times on a recent motor journey between the Georgia State line and Miami. Any fruit fly caught lurking in the rumble seat would, no doubt, be summarily court-martialed and shot at sunrise, since he is held responsible not only for the menace to Florida's staple product but for the epidemic of bank failures that has followed his advent. Scattered in various parts of the State, some thirty-odd institutions have very recently closed their doors, for the fly destroys business confidence as well as fruit.

Thus the sins of the "binder boys" who raised the ante too high just four summers ago continue to be visited upon the unoffending members of the current generation. The immediate future is a bit uncertain. Will the credit stringency, the fruit fly, the failure of the racing bill, and the annual fall hurricane nervousness combine to make the next season a flop? Or will those clouds disappear in another mirage of stability and safety—with the thunderbolt of additional retribution following close behind?

There would seem to be some truth in the plaint of Florida's people that whenever the lightest touch of adversity brushes their State, it receives notice out of all proportion to its significance. While admitting the possibility of ruin, and busily taking measures to forestall it, Floridians cannot resist pointing out that plant pests are nothing new on this continent, and that in some of their fair sister States of the Southland various insidious bugs are even now unwelcome visitors. But it's only Florida that gets the write-up, they complain, and it's only Florida that bears the brunt of unfavorable attention. Ever since 1926 Florida has been trying vainly to dodge the limelight.

As a matter of fact, Florida appears economically sounder today than before the boom. In the more important financial centers—Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, and St. Petersburg—the principal banks are standing firm in the present hysteria; the liquid assets within the State provide every assurance of being ample to weather the squall. The heroic measures taken to eradicate the fruit fly have led to the lifting of the quarantine on September 1 to such an extent that a large share of the citrus-fruit market will still be saved next year for Florida. The pernicious pyramiding of real-estate values has—temporarily at least—disappeared. Agricultural industries are flourishing. In spite of such passing ills as fruit flies and bank closings the impression one gets is nevertheless that of a fundamentally healthy State.

There may be, in time, as the boosters maintain, industries of real importance in Florida—such as may flourish through the advantages of a reduced overhead made possible by a favorable climate and the accessibility of rapidly developing ocean ports. The present business of fruit and vegetable growing, dairying, lumbering, and the production of naval stores and phosphate rock, may expand to unexpected proportions, and the permanent population of the State may yet vastly increase. But when all is said and done, there seem to be at the moment two main fields in which Florida may look to the future with definite conviction as to growth. One deals with the tourist, and the other with aviation.

The tourist needs only careful cultivation to yield large returns, and indications are that the secret of fostering this crop is already well known to the inhabitants. The judicious care bestowed on this occupation, pursued not too covetously, should supply an ever more profitable source of revenue. Judging by the multitudes that flocked to both east and west coasts last winter and the amount of cash they parted with in the short season of a few weeks, this industry will grow of its own accord.

The second possibility, aviation, soared into prominence in January of 1929 with the inauguration of the Pan-American Airways service to Cuba and the West Indies. The larger cities of Florida are already linked with the rest of the continent in the air-mail system, and if present plans are carried out, not many months hence it will be feasible to fly all the way from Montreal to Buenos Aires. Miami is the logical jumping-off place for Central and South America, and it is surprising to see how fully alive that city is to the enviable chance of becoming an air terminus of the foremost rank and importance. Flying for pleasure is particularly adaptable to that region; schools are springing up, and an airplane factory has commenced operations. If commerce continues to sprout wings it may not be entirely fantastic to suggest that Florida is on the verge of working out her salvation in the air.

One thing Floridians have in their favor. They are incurable optimists. Booms may come and booms may go, and so may hurricanes, fruit flies, bank failures, and any other form of impediment to progress that the Fates may devise—but the stubborn faith of Floridians in the future of their State goes on forever. It must be the climate that induces this frame of mind, for climate is still Florida's one unchangeable asset. Nor is it difficult to understand that where one has abundant health, where the effort of living is reduced to the lowest terms, where the sun smiles tolerantly day by day and the moon makes one forget that tomorrow is coming—there it is wholly impossible to stifle a certain permanent satisfaction in living.

The present period may not mark the end of Florida's atonement, but as long as the same sun and moon continue to shine and the Gulf Stream refrains from altering its course, there will be cheerful optimism among the dwellers on the palm-fringed shores of America's semi-tropics.

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Cleveland's City Manager Survives

By LOUIS BROWDY

CLEVELAND is no ordinary American city. Its industries, heavy, light, and medium, metal and textile, are amazingly diversified. So is its population. Its more than a million people are in the main the second and third generation of good immigrant stock, much of it from the now dismembered empires of Central Europe. Notably, there is a substantial leaven of Teutonic stock, including many children and grandchildren of German forty-eighters who possess by social heredity something of that idealism and love of liberty which forced the rebellious *Weltverbesserer* to quit the fatherland. In 1924 Cleveland voted for La Follette for President. In 1928 it gave a large majority to Smith. During the war it gave Charles Ruthenberg, outspoken and jail-worn Communist, an enormous vote for mayor. Six years ago it scrapped its time-honored and conventional municipal government, adopted a new and advanced charter written by a college professor, and soon afterward installed the first city manager of a truly metropolitan city.

As I sat in an office on Cleveland's public square discussing the election which has just reaffirmed the city's adherence to the manager system, my eye fell upon a conspicuous statue just below us, a squatty effigy in bronze of Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland's famous mayor of twenty years ago; and I was reminded that all political experiments in Cleveland stem from this singular civic leader on the one hand and from the German-bred liberals on the other. No one can understand the incurable penchant for progress in this city without going back to the opening decade of this century when Tom Johnson—ardent single taxer, advocate of public ownership, uncompromising foe of "predatory privilege"—was creating a new kind of political atmosphere for an American city. Something of his influence still persists.

In the public square, athwart the rotund simulacrum of the sainted mayor, the fifty-story tower of the Van Sweringens' new railway terminal casts its prodigious shadow. The street railways which Johnson's three-cent fare made famous—strange symbol of a sincere idealism—are now controlled by the Van Sweringens, those fabulous brothers whose interests ramify throughout the city and its hinterland and spread out into the world, bound up with other railroad interests, on endless lines of steel. From the City Hall on the shore of Lake Erie the terminal tower looms up colossal and dominant, inescapable reminder of the power of the railroads in those dealings with City Hall which are necessary for the realization of huge projects. From within the seat of government the city council and the city manager can see the beginnings of the immense public stadium which the city is erecting on the margin of the lake where the New York Central has secured from the city, and now holds, an option on the riparian rights.

When the new charter was about to go into effect and William R. Hopkins, a Cleveland business man (brother of Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer), was announced as the new city manager, he was confronted by the fiery Peter Witt, leader of the independents in the newly elected council, who announced his conviction that Hopkins was going into office as the servant of the railroads. Hopkins had dabbled in railroads along with many other business ventures; he had had a main hand in building the Belt Line Railway, which he later sold to the New York Central. He had been designated as city manager as the result of an amicable arrangement between Maurice Maschke, Republican national committeeman and generalissimo of Cleveland's dominant political machine, and Burr Gongwer, the local Democratic boss. "Both of them," said Hopkins, "told me I could run the city as I pleased, so I took the job." It is the common and much too plausible belief that the understanding between these two gentlemen and their henchmen was to the effect that all city jobs under the new regime were to be dealt out to good Republicans and Democrats in the ratio of six to four. The many offices in the gift of the manager have, it now appears, been so apportioned with something like scrupulous care.

Hopkins has been an able administrator and an executive of force and leadership. That he has been incomparably more competent than the series of nonentities who succeeded Johnson and his disciple, Newton D. Baker, in the office of mayor, no one seriously doubts. Diligently and resourcefully he has carried through numerous important civic projects and public improvements. He has developed one of the finest airports in the country; he has completed and successfully operated one of the largest public auditoriums and made Cleveland one of the country's biggest convention cities; he has nourished and forwarded the project for a great civic mall in the Continental style on the lake shore; he has been the prime mover behind the great public stadium—perhaps a questionable honor since there are those who hold that it is being built largely for the benefit of the local baseball club, which is owned largely by Cleveland's biggest bank. He has spent, consequently, mountains of money, but he has dealt with budgets and finances with no little skill and resource.

As city manager Hopkins has been an ever-prominent public figure with an enviable gift for keeping his stocky person and chubby face in the limelight. The burden of banqueting, dedicating, welcoming, and posing in behalf of the collective citizenry he has accepted with apparent alacrity. The shadowy and unobtrusive personage who, as the presiding officer of the city council, holds the title of mayor has been deftly deprived of all the ornamental and rotogravure duties which commonly appertain to that office and which afford invaluable publicity. When the Republican national convention met in Cleveland in 1924 the delegates found in front of the city hall a huge banner which read: "Welcome to Cleveland—W. R. Hopkins, Manager."

There has inevitably been an amount of give and take between a city manager with a political flair and the thoroughly political members of the council. These gentry, all good Republicans or tolerable Democrats, the former a solid majority generally obedient to Boss Maschke, number twenty-five in all, elected from four city districts under the

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Hare system of proportional representation. The council is the manager's employer, or, to use the customary business parallel, his board of directors; it is the good-will of the councilmen which assures him the continued and untroubled tenure of his $25,000-a-year job as well as the legislative acceptance of his pet measures. On the other hand, the manager has many jobs and favors at his command which are invaluable to practical ward politicians with many little fences to keep mended and precinct workers to keep happy. That a quiet and decent traffic in these favors has taken place no one questions or denies.

There have been flagrant scandals, however, in the last little while which have moved a kindly and oblivious public to raise an inquiring eyebrow. Within the past year the city purchased several pieces of land for park and playground purposes at prices which, it transpired in good time, were patently and grossly in excess of their value. Repeated operation of this simple and profitable trick by political insiders with the help of a compliant council finally caused a resounding and malodorous explosion. As the result of the purchase of one playground site at three or four times its worth, a prominent Republican member of the council and close friend of the city manager is now serving a five-to-fifteen-year term in prison. But Hopkins emerged from the extreme unpleasantness of the land scandals with a fairly whole skin. If a cloud has appeared about the figure of the manager and the office that he has somewhat more than filled, it has been visible chiefly to his political opponents and the chronic foes of the new system.

These, however, have been diligently at work and have come within a hairbreadth of accomplishing something. If in the newspapers the city manager remained *sans peur et sans reproche,* in the byways of the city doubt and suspicion were turned upon him. Almost since the inception of the manager system a coterie of energetic politicians led by Harry L. Davis, sometime mayor and governor, a passé Republican leader, have made repeated efforts to overthrow the new order. Twice before in the last two years they have staged an unsuccessful referendum for the abolition of the managerial office. Pertinacious as only disgruntled politicians can be and spurred by the notoriety of the land scandals, they succeeded again a short time ago in attaching the requisite number of names to a petition for a referendum to amend the city charter. In the framing of the proposed amendment ex-Mayor and Governor Davis was associated with two obscure Democrats whose names have the inestimable virtue of alliteration with his, so that their proposal could be popularized as the "Three D" plan and could be promulgated as thoroughly non-partisan. It provided for a complete return to the old order, the restoration of the office of mayor to its pristine glory as an elective office, and the abolition of proportional representation in the election of the council.

The advocates of the "Three D" plan professed to believe—and doubtless some of them were sincere about it—that the appointment of the chief executive of the city by a handful of councilmen is scandalously undemocratic. In the name of American democracy they organized a crusade to return the government of the city to the people. They pointed out that the city manager has all the powers of a mayor but that he is not directly responsible to the people and that his tenure of office is virtually unlimited. They asserted that if a mayor had been at the head of the municipal government during the recent scandals the opposition party would have moved him out at the next election as fast as a cat can eat sardines. With perfect cogency they made the further point that in the absence of the stir and interest of an election for mayor there is now a general apathy at the municipal elections, and that consequently important reforms are almost impossible of achievement.

The Democratic organization of the city came out in support of the retention of the manager system. Mr. Maschke and the Republican organization aligned themselves with the "Three D" amendment, deserting the manager plan for the first time since its adoption. Presumably Mr. Maschke, an astute, straight-shooting politician if ever there was one, has found the manager system a nuisance. Hopkins is probably too firmly in the saddle to suit his shrewd idea of good government. No political machine can expect to function perfectly when the biggest office cannot be properly rotated.

The defenders of the manager plan organized a Progressive Government Committee of 150 prominent citizens which bore an imposing aura of respectability. It included such personages as John H. Clarke, former associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, and Cleveland's justly famed philanthropist, Samuel Mather. Even Bishop Joseph Schrembs of the Cleveland Catholic diocese added his earnest voice in behalf of the manager system. A score of colored ministers came out against the "Three D" amendment because the abolition of proportional representation would deprive the colored community of its representative in the city council. The three newspapers of the city, Republican, Democratic, and Scripps-Howard, vigorously supported the manager plan.

At the polls on August 20 the people of Cleveland voted by a scant majority of 3,000 in a total vote of 97,000 to continue the city-manager system. The Progressive Government Committee, waging a vigorous house-to-house campaign to save the city from political retrogression, defeated the Maschke organization by a not too comfortable margin. The committee succeeded, in a city where civic consciousness runs unusually high, in rallying the support of independent voters who, though sensible that new "manager" often looks like old "mayor" writ large, saw nothing to gain in returning to the old order. The mass of the liberal German vote undoubtedly upheld the new system. That the vaunted Maschke machine failed to "deliver" has this happy purport for the immediate future: that the city manager can cease to take orders from the Republican national committeemen who put him into office.

But the fight over the city-manager system is by no means over. After so close a vote in the charter plebiscite the opponents of the new policy will be encouraged to make renewed efforts to overthrow it. Moreover, in the background of city politics in Cleveland looms a figure, unique in the American political scene, who will yet stir unpredictable developments in the government of the city. Peter Witt, sometime ironmolder, later city traction commissioner, and more recently chief dissenter in the city council, has a large and enthusiastic following who are bent on making him, sooner or later, chief executive of the city. Last fall he swept the county in the contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. It was he who led the trium-

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phant campaign for La Follette in 1924 and the campaign for Al Smith in 1928. He is an old and ardent follower of Tom Johnson and the present outstanding representative of the Johnsonian tradition. Once every year he holds a "town meeting" at which he ventilates with merciless candor any subject which arises for discussion, from local political thimblerigging to the apostasy of Woodrow Wilson in entering the war. Everybody knows that, were the managership abolished, Witt would make an eminently able and honest mayor and that his accession to office would make every cheap politician in the town squirm with discomfort. The more venturesome, they say, would incontinently migrate to Pittsburgh. Witt is the man who, when he was city traction commissioner, turned back a check for several thousand dollars sent him by the railway company as royalty for a new car he had invented, refusing the money on the ground that he had devised the car in his public capacity as traction commissioner. It was not a pose; that is just the kind of person he is. His presence in the city as an available mayor of the Johnsonian cast is, and will continue to be, a curious embarrassment to the stability of the manager system. Obviously he cannot be made city manager; no set of councilmen would imperil their political comfort by the appointment of such an executive.

In its broader aspects it is well that the Cleveland plebiscite has turned out as it has. The abandonment of the manager system by the largest of American cities which has yet adopted it would plainly and very gravely have discredited the whole movement for the progressive and less political forms of municipal government.

In the Driftway

ACROSS the street from the editorial offices of *The Nation* lies old St. Paul's churchyard, a sward of quiet green among glaring skyscrapers. In the churchyard are graves some of which were dug back in the eighteenth century. Weather-worn upright stones mark most of those graves; some have horizontal slabs laid prone upon them. The eastern boundary of the churchyard is Broadway, and right beside that highway is St. Paul's Chapel, put up in 1766, the only pre-Revolution church building still standing in New York City. When St. Paul's was built, Broadway at that point was little more than a lane to the country, and the building was faced west toward the churchyard—which then ran all the way to the Hudson River—while the back of the church was turned frigidly upon what has since become the most famous thoroughfare in the three Americas. So the church stands today, its fine old colonial steeple looking down on the churchyard and its clockface telling the editors of *The Nation* when to go out to luncheon, while under its rear eaves Broadway roars and rumbles and rushes on its way.

* * * * *

CHAPEL and churchyard are beautiful as well as historic, and never more so than in early spring. Then the grass shines in a new coat of emerald green and the sprangling boughs of the locust trees put out their feathery network of swaying leaves. Then the sun, long lost behind winter's grimy haze, shines warmly inviting, and the office girls of the neighborhood come with their luncheon—or after they've had it—to sit among the tombstones and revel in the vigor of life that beats in their young arteries. There, over sepulchers a century or more old, they talk of their work and their pleasures, their loves and their hopes, their successes and their disappointments—a fabric of life so continuous with that which a hundred years ago occupied the now quiet sleepers underground that there seems no incongruity between the two groups. Time ceases to exist, and changes in dress, the substitution of motor cars for horse-drawn carriages, the displacement of buildings a few stories high by steel projectiles piercing the canopy of the sky, become meaningless trifles.

* * * * *

THE building which contains the offices of *The Nation* was put up for the New York *Evening Post* more than twenty years ago. The saying of some wag was then current that the reason why New York City was so wicked was that the *Sun,* coming out in the morning (it did then), made vice attractive, while the *Post,* coming out in the evening, made virtue repulsive. Somebody else unkindly suggested that the reason why the *Evening Post* was moving over opposite St. Paul's churchyard was to be close to its readers. Chapel and churchyard have changed hardly at all outwardly in the years that have followed. But time seems to have been gnawing all unseen at St. Paul's steeple, and now they are about to take it down and replace the wood with metal, it is announced, though preserving intact the present design. Also they are going to clean and repair the entire outside of the church. To accomplish this double job the walls and steeple have been shrouded in scaffolding. A kind of scaffolding has been used which to the Drifter, at least, is new. Hollow iron piping about two inches in diameter and fifteen or twenty feet in length has been employed. The piping is bolted piece upon piece, and looks both neater and more secure than the usual scaffolding of irregular old timbers. Boards are used only as flooring over the successive tiers of piping. The Drifter has watched the erection of this scaffolding with a fascinated eye. It has been a thorough job and a slow one; probably also it has been an expensive one. But as to that who should worry, for St. Paul's is a chapel of Trinity parish, which, as everybody knows, has an income bigger even than that of a movie star or staress of the first magnitude. The last item of construction consisted in covering the outside of the scaffolding with wire screen. This makes it hard to see through the scaffolding, and perhaps the idea is to protect the workmen from the prying eyes of the street. Or perhaps to shield them from flies or mosquitoes. Trinity parish is philanthropic as well as rich.

* * * * *

THE only question is whether Trinity is as wise as it is rich and philanthropic. Will the new steeple look just like the old one? We ought to be able to trust an organization as rich and philanthropic as Trinity, but when we recall that it allowed the most beautiful of all its chapels—St. John's—to be demolished because of a dwindling congregation, there is ground for some uneasiness. If the famous old steeple is materially altered in appearance, many New Yorkers will wish that it had been allowed to tumble down instead—preferably when the trustees of Trinity were assembled underneath.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Classical Foreshadowing

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that Mr. Dole, in *The Nation* of August 14, has so delightfully conjured from the word *volemus* in Catullus's poem an "immortal reference to aviation," it may be of further interest to note that the graceful Roman poet flew in a hydroplane. This supposedly modern means of travel is easily identified, by anyone who reads his Latin with genial understanding, in the opening lines of the poem (IV) that Catullus wrote at the end of his flight:

> Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
> ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
> neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
> nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
> opus foret volare sive linteo.
>
> Behold, my friends, this little boat
> That brags she once could *fly* so fast
> There was no speedier ship afloat.
> Them all, on oars or wings, she passed.

The traveler in these classic realms of gold has many another "wild surmise" coming to him if he journey under the proper auspices. Thus, in the previously cited poem of aviation fame, *caeli furor aequinoctialis*—the equinoctial roar—clearly indicates static, the bane of radio. From *laeti studio pedes* we may deduce the prototype of the bunion derby; and who cannot see in *comitum coetus*—bands of fellow-travelers—the Cook tourists of those days?

Homer's and Vergil's famous "winged words" undoubtedly constitute an equally immortal reference to the radiophone!

Harold Whitman Reed

Reading, Massachusetts, August 15

Are the Films Ungrateful?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The movies have long since passed the billion-dollar mark as an industry. Wall Street reports that profits for the leading film companies ran into many millions for the last half year; but it is a melancholy fact that many of the men whose inventive and creative genius produced the means to establish and develop this billion-dollar industry are in actual want.

Among such men are Jean Acme LeRoy and Eugene Augustin Lauste. It is no exaggeration to say that but for their inventions the great industry which they helped to father would not today exist. Jean LeRoy designed and invented the first motion-picture projection machine, the cinematograph, which antedated by more than a year the better advertised projector of Jenkins and Armat, the Edison vitascope. Lauste's invention of recording and reproducing sound photographically, originally patented in Great Britain in 1906, forms the basis for all the photographic processes used to make the talking picture today. Lauste also designed and built the eidoloscope, recorded in screen history as the second projection machine to be invented. The modern motion-picture booth for fire protection was originally conceived and designed by LeRoy.

Today both LeRoy and Lauste, now in their middle seventies, enfeebled by age and broken in health, are practically without resources and dependent upon the uncertain help of a few friends. LeRoy is partially paralyzed and unable to work. Lauste has unsuccessfully sought employment on the research or engineering staffs of the larger film companies, yet he doubtless has a greater knowledge of the mysteries and mechanics of recording and reproducing sound photographed on film than any man living. The need of these men is real, and they deserve far better of the industry which they helped to make possible.

New York, August 7 Merritt Crawford

Nothing to Write

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your note about the Köbenhavn came as a relief. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing her name or fate mentioned after the brief inconspicuous paragraph of June 26.

You say: "There is nothing to write. There is no fire, no wreck, no collision to chronicle." Yet, think of the space given by the newspapers to the Cyclops, which disappeared during war time, when there were possibilities of being torpedoed or ramming a floating mine.

A year or so ago I had the pleasure of seeing the Köbenhavn under full sail off Easter Island. Later I saw her tied up in Adelaide, Australia. What a beauty she was! I managed while in Adelaide to get a snapshot of her—she dwarfs a good-sized steam trading vessel tied alongside. And what a fine crew—all young boys. And yet nothing to write!

East Orange, New Jersey, August 16 S. E. Cross

More Light on the Light Stamp

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* for August 14 you attribute the issuance of the Edison postage stamp to some secret machination on the part of the power trust. You may therefore be interested in the following facts:

I had for years been attempting to secure the issuance of an Edison stamp, on the ground that our government did wrong to limit the list of those honored by places on its stamps to politicians and soldiers only. About three years ago the Exchange Club of Duluth joined me in applying to the Postal Department for the issuance of the Edison stamp, and we appealed also to President Coolidge, himself an Exchangeite. It has been the understanding of the Exchange Club that the stamp was issued because of their insistence.

Duluth, August 17 Thomas Hall Shastid

Paying for Petroleum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Chafee, in his interesting Prosperity, in *The Nation* of July 24, reiterates the oft-repeated legend that "petroleum bids fair to be exhausted within a century from the opening of the first oil-well." It is calculated that North Carolina alone has enough shale oil to supply us at the present rate of consumption for a thousand years—and water-power or electricity may supplant it within a few years.

Of course, it is not practicable, at the present cost of roasting it out, to compete with the present oil, which certainly costs little or nothing, being paid for in by-products. Science could and would soon reduce those costs if the product could be sold. But there are "interests" which find their account in reiterating the cry that our oil is on the point of exhaustion. This makes us content to pay 25 cents per gallon, which is profitable to some corporations.

New York, August 2 Bolton Hall

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Books and Theater

Abandoned Mill: New Bedford

By JAMES RORTY

Ten million yards of calico should be
Enough, he thought; so when the old man died
The sudden silence of those idiot looms
Bloomed like a flower on his grave; there was
No need of more; the windows of the mill
Stared blear-eyed like a brothel at a world
Gone mad and lustless; twice a day the tide
Clawed at the concrete, sucked and sniffed
Beneath the rotten planking; children came
And stoned the old mill blind, and that was good.
It cannot sail; it cannot even see
The ships, the living ships go grandly out
At dawn and twilight, wooing with vague sails
The winds of ocean, weaving with bright prows
Ten million leagues of silver spray.

Repulse

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

There is disheartening secrecy in these woods
That blot the autumn brass of the hill-side.
Climb to them, enter; you will find them cool
And hostile and unwilling to confide
In you by so much as a shadow quickening
To life; by so much as a squeak. The floor
Of the woods is muffled in leaves to cover riches
Of fur and of beady eye and of delicate claw,
And flash of feather or whistle the branches' thickening
Keeps from you. The sullen woods will send you back
To the open hay fields, without showing you
Even the small courtesy of a raccoon's track!

Spying Out the Land

Recent Economic Changes in the United States. Two volumes. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $7.50.

WHEN Moses sent his spies into the land of Canaan, they returned after forty days, it will be remembered, bearing upon a staff between two of them a great cluster of grapes, and reporting a land flowing with milk and honey. "Nevertheless," they informed the Hebrew lawgiver, "the people be strong that dwell in the land and the cities are walled and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there." Mr. Hoover's spies set out on their search of the American economic Canaan early in 1928. The first public account of their expedition last spring suggested that they had seen almost nothing but milk and honey but their full report to our contemporary Moses discloses the existence of various great walled cities, and even gives us a glimpse of an occasional son of Anak wandering in our promised land.

Mr. Hoover fortunately intrusted his survey to the National Bureau of Economic Research, to which students have come to look for fair and reliable studies of fact, intelligently interpreted. The bureau enlisted the cooperation of more than two dozen other private organizations, of the Federal and State governments, the universities, and scores of specially qualified individuals. Their findings, despite some avowed defects, constitute probably as good a picture of the economic position of the United States as it is possible to draw in our present state of knowledge. What do they show?

One cannot do better than quote Professor Mitchell's summary:

> This record presents striking contrasts. Consumption as a whole has increased, but the consumption of certain great staples has shrunk. While trade at large has flourished, certain branches have languished—notably ship-building, the railway-equipment industry, and agriculture; in less measure the textile, coal, and shoe trades. Pay-roll disbursements of factories have expanded, but manufacturing employment has diminished. Business profits have been large, but so also have been the number of bankruptcies. Great quantities of gold have flowed into the country, but wholesale prices have sagged much of the time. Income as a whole has grown larger, but important sections of the country have made little gain, and important occupations have suffered loss. . . . What has been happening in the United States is the latest phase of cumulative processes which have dominated western life since the industrial revolution got under way.

As Professor Gay points out in his thoughtful introduction, most foreign observers of our recent economic changes are inclined to lay emphasis on our unrivaled natural resources, our scarce labor and high wages and the consequent development of labor-supplementing machinery, our enormous free-trade market, our more or less scientific and open-minded business management, and finally our spirit of indomitable hopefulness. Mostly, these features of life are as old as America. But Professor Gay finds something new in our growing concern with the costs of economic progress, in our recognition that our natural resources are not limitless, in our restrictive attitude toward foreign labor, in the strength and stability of our finance, and in our increasing tolerance of the control of our national life by great business corporations.

As Dr. Wolman shows, the years since the war have seen a notable advance in our standards of living. There have been unprecedented increases in per capita expenditures for health, amusement, and education, and in the numbers of students in our higher institutions. We have diversified our diet, our clothes, and our houses, and have brought about a bewildering multiplication of manufactured goods, notably new ones like automobiles and radios, often at the cost of old staples. The great majority of us have "raised" our living standards by becoming dependent on a thousand new things; yet during the seven years under review more than two-fifths of our farm population, instead of developing new standards, have maintained their old ones only by creating a huge mortgage debt.

Reversing old trends, industry during these years has been growing less concentrated in highly developed areas and in the historical centers, and has been moving from city to country. Industrial mergers have proceeded rapidly, owing their success not to cheaper production but to more efficient marketing; and the big concerns seem to be achieving stability of prices and abundant profits to some extent at the cost of irregular operation, with all that that means for unemployment. These same years, of course, have seen an extraordinary development in marketing, with great changes in demand and the rise of new commodities, increase of advertising, growth of the chains, and increase in cooperative marketing of farm products. Whether, on the other hand, instalment sales have increased faster than total retail sales since 1923 is doubtful.

Labor, tamed and interested in new measure in production,

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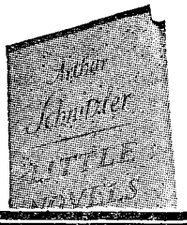
DRAWING from Words such Beauty as Kreisler draws from Strings



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and the SOUL of VIENNA

IN *a memorable tribute to the author of* Little Novels, *Ludwig Lewisohn says: "The chill winds of the harsh dawn of a new world blow angrily about the aging master. He remembers his youth . . . Nothing can exceed the smooth, firm beauty of Schnitzler's style and technique . . . This is the Vienna, this the Salzburg of the days of the Empire. Life had a neo-Pagan elegance, an autumnal charm. . ."*

It is customary indeed to characterize Arthur Schnitzler as the quintessence of Vienna. He evokes not only the glow and tragedy of love in Vienna . . . but the music of Vienna in the nuances of his prose . . . the science of Vienna in his researches into the sub-conscious . . . the craftsmanship of Vienna in his skill . . .

For more than three decades Arthur Schnitzler's short stories, novelettes and dramas have been acclaimed by critics and readers for their tenderness, their wit, their compassion, their melancholy splendor. In the last few years, the American success of Fräulein Else, Rhapsody, Beatrice, Daybreak *and* Therese *have consolidated a growing fame and brought to many readers the unduplicable glamour of his art.*

WHO can weave the pattern of Viennese life with such magic as Arthur Schnitzler . . . drawing from words the same haunting beauty that Kreisler draws from strings? Who can so effectively blend the enchantment and disenchantment, the arrogance and humility, the tragedy and high comedy of love on the shores of the song-laden Danube?

In *Little Novels*, the author of *Fräulein Else*, *Rhapsody*, *Daybreak*, *Beatrice* and *Anatol*, again peers into the sub-conscious with the eye of genius—the eye that illuminates and holds spell-bound.

Most of these ten tales, employing that gravely ironical manner which is Schnitzler's own, deal with the relations between men and women. One or two, such as *The Prophecy*, treat startlingly of the workings of Fate, and the finest of the collection, a masterpiece among masterpieces, is a tenderly beautiful study of the love between a blind man and his brother.

Anyone who begins the *Fate of the Baron*, which opens this collection of *Little Novels*, will not put down these pages until the last paragraph of the final story, *The Death of a Bachelor*.

In these ten *Little Novels* (for their compactness surely entitles them to this term), the publishers believe that they are offering to Schnitzler's eager and growing American audience the perfect flower of the genius of the Viennese master. The book has just been published and is on sale at your own bookstore for $2.50.

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"LITTLE NOVELS"

a new book by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

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and now protected by our immigration laws from a great influx of foreign competitors, has seen the nominal work-week reduced by five hours since 1914, and there have been striking wage advances. As productivity has risen yet faster, however, labor costs, broadly, have continued to fall. Contrary to the popular impression (and, it may be added, to much informed opinion), Dr. Wolman can find no marked changes in the stability of employment as compared with the pre-war period. Unemployment is a veritable son of Anak. From 1921 to 1927 the number of unemployed, on the lowest estimate, was above a million and a half in the best year, 1923, and nearly three times as great in 1921. Yet labor on the whole was probably never so well off, materially speaking, as it has been during these recent years.

Agriculture, according to Dr. Nourse, has been suffering severely since the war because of the disruption of demand both at home and abroad, high expenses not yet adjusted to lowered prices, and extraordinary supply in many lines, due to war stimulation, to the unregulated use of land, and especially to power farming. Fewer farmers can now produce more food and materials. We have therefore got to see, as we are now seeing, a large shift of population and a sound business reorganization with heavier capitalization. The situation means great difficulty for the individual farmer, and Dr. Nourse sees no prospect of "swift or comprehensive relief of the situation," though individuals are making profits and some localities are prosperous.

Professor Mills notes the steadily continued increase in the production and distribution of goods during the years 1922-1927, accompanying a gentle downward movement of prices—an uncommon phenomenon in American economic experience; while Professor Sprague and Dr. Burgess call attention to the effects of abundant capital supply, great gold reserves, and foreign loans, and suggest a certain influence of the Federal Reserve system in lessening business fluctuations. Professor Copeland's useful study of income and its distribution indicates that our widely touted prosperity has been confined to the Middle Atlantic, East North Central, and Pacific States, which include less than half the population and receive somewhat more than half the national income. The study also indicates that prosperity is as yet a long way off from making everybody rich, though Professor Copeland finds little to show that employees have been getting any decreased share of the national income during recent years, and he finds no evidence that the richer people have been getting either a larger or a smaller proportion than usual.

To undertake once more the difficult task of summary, we may quote Professor Mitchell's conclusion that basically it is by "applying intelligence to the day's work more effectively" that we have succeeded in raising per capita income (expressed in 1925 dollars) from the $621 of 1913 and the $656 of 1917 to $625 in 1922 and $733 in 1926. "Good times" for a majority of the people—yes; but the gain, like the income of the earlier period, has been spread most unequally among different classes, different industries, and different sections of the country, and some of them have not shared in it at all. No continuance of the gain is assured, and in any case it is to be had only by bold and intelligent work. There is no ground in this whole study, then, for complacency, no real foundation for prosperity "blah" of the Coolidge variety. The committee are clear, however, that "to maintain the dynamic equilibrium of recent years is, indeed, a problem of leadership which more and more demands deliberate public attention and control. Research and study, the orderly classification of knowledge, joined to increasing skill, well may make complete control of the economic system a possibility."

What more could intelligent critics of competitive capital ask? During the past half century we have been learning much of the necessity of finding substitutes or supplements for profit-grabbing private "leadership" in getting effective control of the economic system. We have devised non-profit-making public agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Power Commission, and other much-criticized but absolutely essential public agencies. We shall go farther, and here is the Hoover committee blessing the movement. But to what end? As far as the document before us indicates, just that we may have more "prosperity." And why more prosperity? Apparently Mr. Hoover and his associates might fairly reply: "Why, we never thought about that." If the public attention that they invoke should be devoted to a preliminary consideration of the real relation between wealth and well-being, the new possibilities of wealth production might really come to mean more and better life.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Citizens Grown and Made

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. By Samuel Northrup Harper. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

Great Britain: A Study of Civic Loyalty. By John Merriman Gaus. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

THESE two volumes introduce a series of studies whose purpose, as announced by the editor, Professor Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago, is that of "examining objectively the systems of civic cohesion in a group of states, of determining the broad trends of civic training in these modern states, and of indicating possibilities in the further development and control of civic education." A mere turning of the pages is enough to show that the books are entirely different from the manuals of "civics" or government which abound in this country, and that they have no apparent didactic or pedagogical purpose whatever. They are scholarly studies, planned on broad lines, of the influences, some of them direct and others remote, which a state brings to bear upon its people to make them the kind of citizens they are.

As between Great Britain and Russia, of course, the contrast is striking. Where one expects development, the other offers revolution. The British citizen is what he is as a result of a long process of growth, and it is unlikely that he will be, in any near future, very different from what he has been in the past. The Russian, on the other hand, has broken violently with his past, and is being urged deliberately, and on a grand scale, toward a future whose ultimate characteristics cannot with precision be foretold. The very term "civic training" seems almost a misnomer in Britain, so indirect and informal is much of the process; while organization, discipline, the systematic inculcation of theory, and comprehensive and minute supervision of practice are of the essence of the elaborate and aggressive Russian program. The British citizen, in short, largely grows; the Russian citizen is actually being made.

The extraordinary wealth of material which Professor Harper assembles is not easily summarized. In Russia, civic training is one of the "fronts" of a struggle which is making a new nation out of an old one. Civic obligation rests upon a foundation of labor and economic policy. The citizen must be a producer, and his "productive qualification" looks to the upbuilding of a Communist state "by the road of socialism." This idea of a new social order, accordingly, is offered to the Russian as "in practice a substitute for the idea of patriotism in a national state, and has tended to nationalize the revolution as well as glorify civic activity." Moreover, the Soviet system "aims to retrain a whole people along new lines," and "the politics of the revolution are made to penetrate all institutions, organizations, and fields of activity."

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The "personality factor" in a system which assumes the existence of classes and a class struggle finds recognition in the Communist Party, with its Union of Youth for young men and women and its Pioneers for the children, of each of which organizations Professor Harper gives a detailed description. With the landlord abolished and the bourgeoisie and rich peasantry merely tolerated, "the interests of workmen and peasants are the only ones considered and as between these two the interests of the workmen are given priority," although a third group made up of wage-earning office workers is also found. The trade unions, now embracing "the overwhelming majority of wage-earners," are looked upon as "a school of communism," while the cooperative societies "are considered steps toward socialism." A long list of civic organizations, as well as schools of all grades and the universities, have their places in this system of state-controlled and Communist-directed education, and newspapers and periodicals, museums and excursions, celebrations and processions, literature, art, music, the radio, and the cinema are parts of the educational technique. From infancy to old age, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Russian has held out to him the conception of a Soviet form of state, rigorously kept in hand by the Communist Party with its carefully guarded conditions of membership, but at the same time of a state whose leaders appear to be watchfully critical of its performance, and ready to drop one method and try another in order to get the results they desire.

Professor Gaus, naturally, has nothing so spectacular or novel as the Russian experiment to record, notwithstanding that he, too, examines the practical as well as the inferential obligations of British citizenship, the procedure of elections and campaigns, the pervasive influence of social classes in a society which is still a good deal stratified, and the parts played by the schools, the older and new universities, the church, and the press in political life. In Britain, civic loyalty is molded by the king as the personification of the state, by the recognition of law as the expressed will of the majority, by the relegation of great areas of administration to a permanent civil service, by openings for careers in the colonies and other overseas possessions, and by the position which the nation holds in international affairs. Both Professor Gaus and Professor Harper, indeed, have swept so wide a field that their books are not only extremely valuable examinations of contrasted methods of civic training, but admirable surveys of contemporary political and social conditions as well.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Biggest Ranch in America

The X I T Ranch of Texas. By J. Evetts Haley. Chicago: The Lakeside Press.

IN 1882 the State of Texas contracted to deliver 3,000,000 acres of land in exchange for a capitol building. The land lay out in the Panhandle on the edge of the world, as the world then extended toward the west, and the company that took it soon saw that the time was not yet ripe for cutting it up and selling it out; they decided to develop it into a ranch. The result was the famous X I T ranch—the largest single ranch that the United States has yet known or ever can know. The history of that ranch has now been written, and written with a sense of relative values, a realization of backgrounds, a soundness coupled with charm lacking in a majority of the best histories of the nation's States. How the cattle were bought and then how cow thieves were fought, how lobo wolves were chased, how windmills were put up—to be burned down by rustlers—how prairie fires swept the plains and were controlled, how the cowboys felt "when the grass began to grow" and the trail to another X I T ranch in Montana a thousand miles away became strung with herds, how old Tascosa on the Canadian River reared its Boot Hill graveyard, and then, finally, how nesters came in, buying up the land and plowing the trails under—all this and much more is told by Mr. Haley in a style swift, packed, concrete, and exceedingly readable. The book transcends by far the purely local nature that its subject might imply.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Personalities and Platitudes

Mountain Against Mountain. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.50.

Bitter Sweet Poems. By Rebecca McCann. Covici, Friede. $2.

Noah's Dove. By Laura Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

Poems of the Chinese Revolution. By Hsi-Tseng Tsiang. Published privately. $.25.

SUCH dissimilar and uneven verse as this calls for neither the perfect word of praise nor the final term of disparagement. Except for two unexpected and excellent poems by Mr. Ficke, these four recent books are of slight individual importance. Considered collectively, the group is interesting for its different motives, its various treatments, and its diverse effects.

In "Mountain Against Mountain" there are two short narratives which reveal a peculiarly poetic temperament. Paris 1917 is a series of emotional realizations, beginning with "the flaunt of the bands and banners . . . as our long gray ship swept out of the harbor," and ending on Armistice Day when "all this has been a dream, too dark for telling." With incidental humor, the best passages describe Paris as "still the old and sacred wanton," enveloped now in gray mists of doubtful hopes and fears. In its unending search for revealing experiences we see the mystic personality of the poet looking beyond the dim realities of the moment. There is much of this same quality in The Return of Christ (a theme suggested by Witter Bynner and on which he, too, will publish a poem). This more sustained narrative is a story of the second crucifixion: from Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain, comes a Stranger, teaching that men should marvel and live, neither worship nor pray; but this idea is so foreign to missionary doctrine that Christ is mistaken for Satan and stoned. Although they fall far short of greatness, the lyrics which fill out the volume are seldom trivial or commonplace. Each one gives evidence of Mr. Ficke's unusual imaginative faculty. For example, Two Score Years and Ten, which develops the thought of these opening lines:

> Not with a futile wrath but with composure
> The wiser mortals learn their certain fate,
> Youth ends in a cold twilight of disclosure;
> And for youth's follies it is then too late.

The vast newspaper audience that knew her as the creator of "The Cheerful Cherub" will find in Rebecca McCann's posthumous collection of verse much that is closely akin to the delightful nonsense which characterized that earlier work. In these poems, however, there is a sophisticated and often cynical humor, sometimes an entirely serious lyricism. Apparently her work was turning in the latter direction when it was brought suddenly to a close. Thus, unrepresentatively but irresistibly, we quote:

> The silver birch is so refined,
> White virgin thoughts are in her mind:
> Yet to the wind, when night was dim,
> I saw her wave a moonlit limb.

Although many different things are attempted in the slen-

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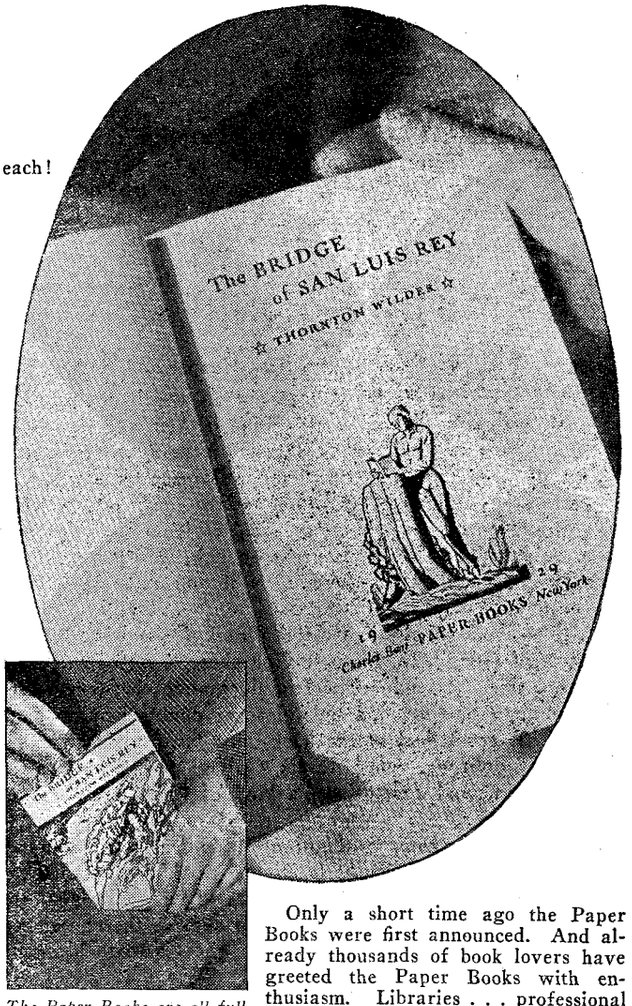

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der volume called "Noah's Dove," the charm of Miss Benét's poetry is to be found, if anywhere, in her imagery. Whether such an imaginative quality is unnatural and forced, or whether it is uniquely vivid, must be left to the reader to decide. Let him consider these lines:

> Down the wide-eyed street
> Spring, like a young woman who has borne her child
> Goes with a halting walk.

and

> Day comes like silver water
> On sod of purple sleep.

Upton Sinclair's preface to Hsi-Tseng Tsiang's brochure adequately, and somewhat optimistically, explains that "what he has written is not perfect poetry, but it is the perfect voice of Young China, protesting against the lot of the under-dog."

J. Dana Tasker

Hunger Strike

Days of Fear. By Frank Gallagher. Harper and Brothers. $2.

FRANK GALLAGHER was one of the hunger strikers in Mountjoy Prison in 1920, and he kept this diary during his nine days' fast. He and a man, referred to in "Days of Fear" as Philip, accepted full responsibility for the starvation of one hundred men and for the conditions on which they would consent to eat again. Apart from its value as a piece of literature, which is great enough, this journal is an amazing record of what force of will and faith in a cause can do in face of physical suffering.

"The souls of men," declares Frank Gallagher, "are the weapons of God." In this case God chose a weapon of well-tempered steel. It endured violent fluctuations between sweet, even-running thoughts and ugly, leaping doubts and imagined horrors. A great deal of the book must have been written in a state of delirium, when Frank Gallagher was the battle-ground of internal revolutions, a kind of "personal Mexico," as he calls himself.

"Death," he wrote, "is the proof a skeptical world demands of a man's love of justice." It is good to think that men can face it, as he did, in the eye-aching dark of wakeful nights and have the mental strength to record and survive the experience.

Norah Meade

Coal and Oil

Petroleum and Coal: The Keys to the Future. By W. T. Thom, Jr. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

IT is a familiar bromide that fashions in literature change. The remark applies especially to the trend in the preparation of what might be called discursive books for the lay reader. Biography, history, and especially books of travel have already won their place. Purely instructional texts—the Mechanic's Handbook, Book-Binding Made Easy, and the like—have long been in demand. When Russell, Huntington, and Osborn write about their sciences *and are read,* the public's intellectual gastronomy may be described as having reached the stage of solid nutriment—at least, of fruit salad with dressing.

There remains only one field, still mainly unessayed—a description of knowledge and work in those applied sciences which, sufficiently "practical" to lack much contemplative or philosophical content, do yet not enter daily life enough to occupy space on the five-foot shelf of the housewife or her husband.

This is the kind of matter with which Professor Thom's book deals—the origin, conditions of occurrence, manner of recovery, and use of our two important fuels, coal and petroleum. It does hold food for purely abstract thought as well, but the latter is not thrust upon the reader. For instance, inquiring minds may well ask, why the spasmodic distribution in time of those epochs when plants were so abundant that they formed immense peat swamps, later to be changed into coal? Is a periodic return of such prolific growth consistent with the pictures we used to hold, of a progressively chilling earth? The answer to ruminations of this scope must, of course, lie beyond the 200 pages of this book, already crowded by the more immediate subject.

But, even omitting the stimulus of such suggestions, the book is worth while. Few who use them know much about the origin of these two minerals, which together represent more than half of the annual mineral output of the United States, water alone omitted. Most of us think of an oil "dome" as a hill filled with oil and cannot understand why the term should be applied where the "dome" is a surface depression instead of an elevation. Exploration and development of oil fields is largely misunderstood, except in southern California and in Oklahoma and the surrounding region of the mid-continent field. By the layman the highly interesting and important innovations used in searching for buried mineral wealth by various physical tests—electrical, magnetic, gravimetric, and seismic—would be callously dismissed as comparable to the witch-hazel divining-rod formerly used in looking for water. From a conservational as well as a more immediately utilitarian viewpoint, the competition between coal and oil is not to be lightly passed over and Professor Thom faces it clearly.

Charles H. Behre, Jr.

Travel Briefs

The Last Home of Mystery. By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company. $4.

Mr. Powell is an experienced voyager and an entertaining writer. His later travel books are much superior to those he was turning out at the end of the war. There are, indeed, few Americans who know their way about the world better than he. It is therefore all the more to be regretted that he should have gone through India looking upon the people with a mind perverted by "Mother India." He has fallen into the worst of Miss Mayo's faults—the gross misuse of documentary authorities. Like Miss Mayo he goes back to the Abbé Dubois, speaking of his long-familiar book on Hindu customs as a little-known work, and quoting it, like his exemplar, without a word to warn the uninstructed reader that it was published 120 years ago, and written by a French Jesuit who, loathing India, described the country as he saw it before a single modern influence had begun to play upon its ancient society. It would be difficult to think of a meaner literary device than this. When Mr. Powell gets into his hidden land, Nepal, he is lively and appreciative; and he has the great advantage of describing a country which almost no Americans have had a chance of seeing.

The Outpost of the Lost. An Arctic Adventure. By General David L. Brainard. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

General Brainard, a sergeant of the ill-fated Lady Franklin Bay expedition in 1881, is the only survivor, except for the commander, Major General A. W. Greely, who is still well and vigorous at an advanced age. No one whose memory carries back to this tragic Arctic expedition can forget the thrill of horror which went through the nation when it appeared

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that all but seven of Greely's men had perished by starvation, largely through inexcusable blundering on the part of at least one relief expedition. Had succor been delayed another forty-eight hours there would probably not have been one man left alive to tell the tale of what it means to die by inches of starvation and be reduced to eating parts of shoes and leather coats. When the seven survivors were found (one of them died on the return voyage) their tent had fallen down upon them and they were too weak to set it up again. They lay alongside the body of a comrade who had died four days previously. General Brainard, who is an excellent soldier—he was given a commission as Second Lieutenant for his gallantry in the Arctic—and also an admirable man, tells this grisly story in the diary set forth in this book. On the whole the record of heroism of these inexperienced American soldiers on Arctic exploration duty is one to compel admiration. One man had to be shot for stealing food. Brainard was one of the three who must have executed him, but he does not reveal the secret of the fatal shot, nor does his book throw any light on the charges of a resort for food to human flesh, freely made at the time, and never wholly allayed.

The Land of Gods and Earthquakes. By Douglas Haring. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Civilized, sympathetic, and sometimes humorous essays growing out of years of life in Japan.

Bushwhacking, and Other Asiatic Tales and Memories. By Sir Hugh Clifford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

These are panting yarns of elephant-hunting, python-hunting, and man-hunting—chiefly man-hunting—in Ceylon and in the Malay lands. Sir Hugh is the stuff of which the British Empire has been made. One moment he sheds a tear for a Malay maid; the next, when his guns have broken into a Malay village full of women and children, when his rockets have set fire to Malay houses, and he, pistol in hand, is leading his murderous Sikhs across the intervening bog, he shouts: "This is a moment worth living for." "Our experience in Asia," he says, blandly, "has taught us that it is impossible to avoid making a little war of our own before we can hope to teach an unimaginative people the blessings of peace." His stories of his service, teaching the blessings of peace with modern ammunition, are sometimes worthy of Kipling.

Clavijo: Embassy to Tamerlane, 1403-1406. Translated, with an Introduction, by Guy LeStrange. Harper and Brothers. $10.

Clavijo set out as emissary from the king of Spain in the days when Timur, lord of Asia by his conquest of the Turks, had relieved the pressure on Christian Constantinople. Like Marco Polo a century earlier, Clavijo found Mongol rule magnificent beyond European dreams. The vast tent city of Samarkand, where he found the old ruler, was as novel to him as the elephants Timur had brought from India and the giraffe sent as a present from the Sultan of Egypt. Clavijo is less lush, but his descriptions of Constantinople fifty years before its fall, and of Tabriz and Samarkand, are more accurate than Marco Palo's records of medieval Asia. Timur died before the envoys were out of his realm, and the swift relays of post-horses carried the news ahead, so that the Europeans were caught in the collapse of an Oriental dictatorship, when all the heirs jealously fought one another. The present volume is substantially a reissue of the 1859 translation with geographical data corrected by modern notes.

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Vaudeville

Vaudeville's Prestige

IT is an acknowledged axiom that there are fashions in art—fashions which make one particular form of expression popular today and unpopular tomorrow. Less familiar, it seems, is the fact that there are arts in fashion, as well as arts not in fashion. Lithography, for instance, since its discovery by Senefelder one hundred and thirty years ago, has passed through alternating periods of popularity and neglect on the part both of the public and of the artists. Etching and water color have also had a rather checkered career. But the most remarkable instance of the influence of fashion we find in the recent history of the ballet. In the first decade of this century the stage ballet was regarded as a routine-ruled form of art, compounded mostly of acrobatics and entirely deficient in the creative spirit. The romantic revolution in the dance started by Isadora Duncan, Ruth Dennis, and a few others voiced the resentment of the cultured sections of the public with this state of the classical ballet; but the latter remained unaffected and continued to hold its position somewhere on the fringe of the aesthetic consciousness of the period. Then, in 1909, Serge Diaghileff, whose lamented death has just been recorded, opened his first season of Russian ballet in Paris, and the startled world suddenly realized that ballet, even classical Italian ballet, was not at all dead but merely slumbering, and that higher artistic standards and inspired leadership were enough to awaken it to a new life.

One recalls these facts in speaking of vaudeville, since today vaudeville is not in fashion. It is blighted by artistic decay to a degree that threatens its popularity even with its not very exacting patrons of today. In spite of the fifty thousand vaudeville artists in this country, the programs even in the leading American theaters seldom contain more than one or two really satisfying numbers. The rest are the veriest junk which only the utter degradation of vaudeville standards has permitted to be performed. The criticism will doubtless seem harsh to those who regard the situation from the point of view of the immediate interests of the profession. The trouble is that vaudeville has lost "class" as an art form, and this is only one step removed from ultimately losing itself.

The situation in which vaudeville is found today is not devoid of irony. Here is, by the standards it maintains, the lowliest form of stage entertainment, and yet fundamentally it is the highest of them all—a form of theatrical art richly fragrant with the glorious aroma of the theater, and, moreover, the only one that is capable of withstanding the onslaught of the talking picture. The rivalry between the stage and the screen may bring about certain commercial developments favoring the former or the latter, probably within the next few years. The artistic rivalry, however, the competition of quality, of merit, is certain to take a much longer time to reach the critical phase; and then the choice will lie not between the actor in the flesh and the actor in the shadow, but between the art of direct and personal appeal to the audience and the art of indirect and non-personal appeal. It will be realized that the modern dramatic stage, dominated largely by the desire to create a picture of life on the stage boards which carries the imagination into a world beyond the theater, will find in the improved talking picture (perfect speech, stereoscopic and color effects, and so on) an antagonist endowed with incomparably greater technical resources for creating that very illusion of a life existing outside the theater. There will be one weapon, however, which will never be found in the armory of the talking picture—the power of direct and personal appeal to the audience which today distinguishes the art of vaudeville more than any other form of stage entertainment. It will be, therefore, as the protagonist of this personal dramatic art, as against the impersonal art of the legitimate stage, that vaudeville is destined to play the decisive part in the final struggle between the stage and the screen.

There is still, then, the possibility of a great future for vaudeville, provided it can raise its standards to a level commonly accepted in other arts. Will it do so? The powers that be in the vaudeville world may well ponder over the fact that the policy of playing down to the uncultivated tastes of the audience is bound to defeat its own ends, for with a little more backsliding there will be finally no vaudeville left. On the other hand, they must overcome their fear of the so-called highbrow art. Surely, the devil is not as black as he is painted. One recalls again the Diaghileff ballet. It would be difficult to imagine anything more highbrow from the standpoint of democratic vaudeville than this old art of kings and princes decked out in the ultra modernistic trimmings of Montparnasse. And yet, just so embellished, the Diaghileff ballet drew the high and the low to the London Coliseum, as one of the acts of a vaudeville program, for two months every season during a period of several years.

So incredibly backward, so inert and self-complaisant has vaudeville been all these years that it was never for a moment disturbed by the stirring events in all the other arts which, since the beginning of this century, have revolutionized our very concept of beauty. The vaudeville stage platform today is the survival of the early nineteenth-century theater. Even more than the stage of the modern legitimate theater it betrays no effort to provide a physical foundation, a pedestal, a rostrum, for a frank display of the performer's talents. Vaudeville's attempts at pictorial effects are usually of the good old late-Victorian type, and, if modern, shriek with the vulgarity of the cheap magazine covers. In music it still clings to jazz and sentimental songs. The whole atmosphere of the American vaudeville today is compounded of routine effort and second-rate talent. It is time that vaudeville woke up. Otherwise it will share the fate of many another pastime that has been outlived and no longer satisfies.

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International Relations Section

Life and Property in the Caribbean

I. Protection of Life

By JONATHAN WICKWIRE

IT is unfortunate that our approaches to the Indian-Latin peoples to the south always have been and always are incidental or accidental and made in a spirit of antagonism. Ignorant alike of their resemblances and of their differences, we have worked out in this country a vague doctrine of Pan-Americanism which assumes a non-existent unity of the entire American Continent.

Yet the term has a very real meaning at Washington, where Pan-Americanism has been defined by our highest political authorities in memoranda intended for and hitherto reaching only the select few. It is a policy of government as nearly fixed as is possible in a republic; a policy more heavily freighted with possibilities of good and evil for the plain citizen, his wife, his children, and his children's children, than any of the stridently advertised domestic issues with which he is more familiar.

Pan-Americanism is not a partisan policy, though it has bloomed and yielded most prolifically under Republican administration. It was first clearly enunciated by Richard Olney, Democratic Secretary of State under President Grover Cleveland, who declared to Congress:[1] "The United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

President Roosevelt carried on and developed this policy by interventions in Panama, Cuba, and Santo Domingo. His complete commitment to the policy of United States overlordship in the Caribbean region, and to the theory of master control of subject races in general, he clearly revealed in an intimate personal letter written in 1904 to Cecil Spring-Rice:[2]

> It was a good thing for Egypt and the Sudan, and for the world, when England took Egypt and the Sudan. It is a good thing for India that England should control it. And so it is a good thing, a very good thing, for Cuba and for Panama and for the world that the United States has acted as it actually has done during the past six years. The people of the United States and the people of the Isthmus and the rest of mankind will all be the better because we dig the canal and keep order in the neighborhood, and the politicians and revolutionists at Bogota [*sic*] are entitled to precisely the amount of sympathy we extend to other inefficient bandits.

President Taft was knee-deep in the Mexican and Nicaraguan imbroglios when he turned over the reign of discord to Woodrow Wilson in the spring of 1913. President Wilson in his address that autumn to the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile tried to redefine Pan-Americanism. He did succeed in rewording it magnificently, and the hall shook and the nations of Latin America rejoiced when he proclaimed:[3]

> What these states are going to see, therefore, is an emancipation from the subordination which has been inevitable to foreign enterprise and an assertion of the splendid character which, in spite of these difficulties, they have again and again been able to demonstrate. . . . We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. . . . I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek an additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity.

But circumstances of war and politics were too strong for Woodrow Wilson, and his struggles to put into practice what he had so gloriously proclaimed were pitiful and tragic. The stupid Bryan-Chamorro treaty establishing the marines in Nicaragua, interventions in Haiti and Santo Domingo, and almost continuous embroilments with Mexico attest the failure of his efforts to breathe life into Pan-Americanism.

With the return of the Republicans to power in 1921, words and deeds were quickly brought into conformity by immediate exertion of pressure upon Mexico to revise her constitution, especially as to lands and petroleum, in exchange for recognition of the Obregon Government by Washington. President Harding had foreshadowed his policy by reiterating with slight modification during his campaign his declaration made in 1915. In words curiously reminiscent of McKinley, he told the San Antonio, Texas, Chamber of Commerce:[4]

> There is a destiny in the affairs of nations. The magnificent resources of Mexico will never be given to mankind, and that country will never come into its own until it is brought under the civilizing influences of the American flag. How and when that condition will be brought about is not for me to say at this time, but it is coming.

That is Pan-Americanism as it is understood by those we have set up to establish our policies and direct our relationships with Latin America. It is the policy we have pursued for more than a generation, diffidently at first, but with increasing confidence and vigor, from Cleveland to Hoover. It is our duty, nay, our destiny to save Latin Americans from themselves; to develop their resources and scatter their bounties to a hungry, anxious world; to reform their morals, minister to their physical weaknesses, teach them politics and economics, and remodel them generally to an approximation of our North American standards.

So firmly fixed is this policy in this, the opening year of the Hoover Administration—so many have been our commitments, so deeply have we become involved under the Hughes-Kellogg-Coolidge guidance, and so tremendous is the economic and political pressure for the Caribbean adventure that it seems doubtful whether anything short of a specific and emphatic mandate from our people can permanently halt its consummation.

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[1] House Document No. 1, 54th Congress, 1st session.
[2] "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time." By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. P. 297.
[3] Senate Document No. 226, 1st session 63d Congress.
[4] New York *Times*, p. 4, col. 6, Jan. 20. 1915. Cf. Federated Press authorized interview at Marion, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1920.

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Always preceding, accompanying, and following our successive interventions in Latin-American countries, the stock excuse, given by sponsors, officials, and apologists for these interventions, has been that they were necessary for the "protection of American lives and property." Supplementary arguments might be advanced—our duty to Europe imposed under the Monroe Doctrine, our duty to uplift the downtrodden and enlighten the benighted—but always the first purpose was protection of lives and property—with the pedal hard down on "lives." What are the facts?

Of the 291 United States citizens officially listed as killed in the Caribbean region since the war with Spain, more than a generation ago, all but two were slain subsequent to and apparently consequent upon interventions. The two exceptions were citizens who bore commissions in a rebel army, were taken between the lines, and executed after a drumhead court-martial by the Nicaraguan dictator Zelaya.[5]

The only other United States citizens killed in Nicaragua in the seventy-year period between the notorious Walker filibuster and the Stimson pacification of the republic in 1927 were seven marines, during the Taft intervention in 1912. It is of a piece with the sardonic humor that seems to pervade our Caribbean relations that the Taft intervention, influenced indirectly by the Zelaya slaying, should have saddled on Nicaragua and supported in power there until the elections last fall enthusiastic disciples of the Zelaya cult in the persons of Emiliano Chamorro and his puppet Adolfo Diaz.

It was in support of Diaz that the United States intervened again two years ago, sent Henry L. Stimson on his mission of pacification, and in the succeeding half year sacrificed the lives of twenty-one marines, as Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur reported to the Senate.[6] Several marines have been killed in Nicaragua since the Wilbur report, bringing the total since the conclusion of the Stimson mission to more than three times the toll for the preceding seventy years.

The record here, you will note, is 100 per cent in favor of native Nicaraguan protection, as against United States intervention for "protection of American lives." The record of Nicaragua in this respect is not unique.

The occasion for the Spanish-American War, with its blood-cry "Remember the Maine," is too well known to need reciting. Suffice it to say that the highest authorities at Washington have agreed that no shadow of proof has ever been adduced that Spaniards or Cubans were responsible for the blast that destroyed the warship. The war established our dominion over Porto Rico, where none of our citizens had been slain, and our protectorate over Cuba, where a number of our citizens have been killed during and since the war.

The life of no United States citizen was even reported in danger when President Roosevelt intervened to free Panama, taking the Canal Zone as guerdon. Many later gave their lives to the building of the canal, and, what is worse, thousands returned to this country to spread tropical diseases they had acquired there.

No United States citizen was ever killed in Haiti prior to the occupation in 1915, which cost the lives of two marines. Eighteen others were slain there before 1920.[7] Just how many have been killed in Haiti since seems to be a dark, deep military secret. At any rate, the death toll under the old disrupted native government was precisely none.

Prior to the military occupation of Santo Domingo in 1916, although the country had been under a sort of financial suzerainty for a decade, no single citizen of the United States was reported killed. None was slain during the occupation, but fourteen marines[8] and two sugar central employees were reported killed in the succeeding four years. As in the case of Haiti, subsequent military losses, if any, are kept secret.

Turning to Mexico, where a good many United States citizens have been slain, the rule holds that native protection has been more effective than intervention for the protection of lives.

The State Department at Washington, after ten years of revolutionary slaughter in Mexico, had listed reports of 218 deaths by violence of United States citizens.[9] A few of these later proved false and some have never been completely authenticated. Fifty-seven, or a little more than a quarter of the total deaths, were among the military and naval forces in the occupation of Vera Cruz, the Villa pursuit, and border fights.

Of the remainder, about 150, all occurred after the United States, by interventions at Tampico and Vera Cruz, had given emphatic notice of its intention to take over the duty of protecting its own citizens in Mexico.

Clearly, then, if interventions in the Caribbean region have been for the purpose of protecting the lives of United States citizens, they have been a complete failure.

(*A second and concluding article will appear next week.*)

[5] "Nicaragua and the United States, 1909-1927." By Isaac Joslin Cox.
[6] Official Report to United States Senate, April 17, 1928.
[7] Mexico and the Caribbean, 1920, p. 239; address at Clark University by Col. George O. Thorpe, U.S.M.C.
[8] Ibid., p. 231.
[9] Senate Report No. 645, 66th Congress, 2nd session, p. 8.

Contributors to This Issue

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